

Children's Newspaper

Have You Seen the C.N. Monthly?
Ask for My Magazine—Edited by Arthur Mee

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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EGGS OLDER THAN HISTORY

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THREE MEN AND A PONY

SWIMMING IN A MINE

The Everyday Chivalry of the
Workaday World

THE PATHOS OF FATE

A very fine thing has happened in one of the Welsh coal-mines.

There was a fall in one of the headings of the Bwlch Colliery, Cwmavon (more easily written than spoken), and before the pumps could be got to work properly the heading was flooded.

The men got away, but the water rose so quickly that it was impossible to rescue all the ponies. One poor animal was left in the flooded working.

A miner called Charles Brace, who has in his heart a strong love for animals, felt that he must find out what had happened to the pony before he made his way above ground.

Charles waded boldly into the water, peering about and calling, and presently he found out that the pony had done the best he could for himself. He had walked quietly on to the far end of the heading, to a place the flood had not reached. He was alive, but unhappy.

After a Friendly Talk

The pony was greatly cheered by the friendly pat given him, and if he could have spoken would probably have said, "Oh, please do anything you like with me, but do not leave me here alone."

But all the time the water was rising. Charles had to go. He had to swim about 150 yards before he got back. The thought of the pony left alone shivering on the edge of a swirling flood was not very pleasant. He talked it over with his friends, Thomas Williams and Charles Maurice, and the end of it was that these three splendid fellows took it in turns to swim across the flooded heading twice a day carrying food to the desolate pony.

The miners found a shelf high and dry where they could leave the hay and oats, and each in turn did his best to cheer up the miserable prisoner.

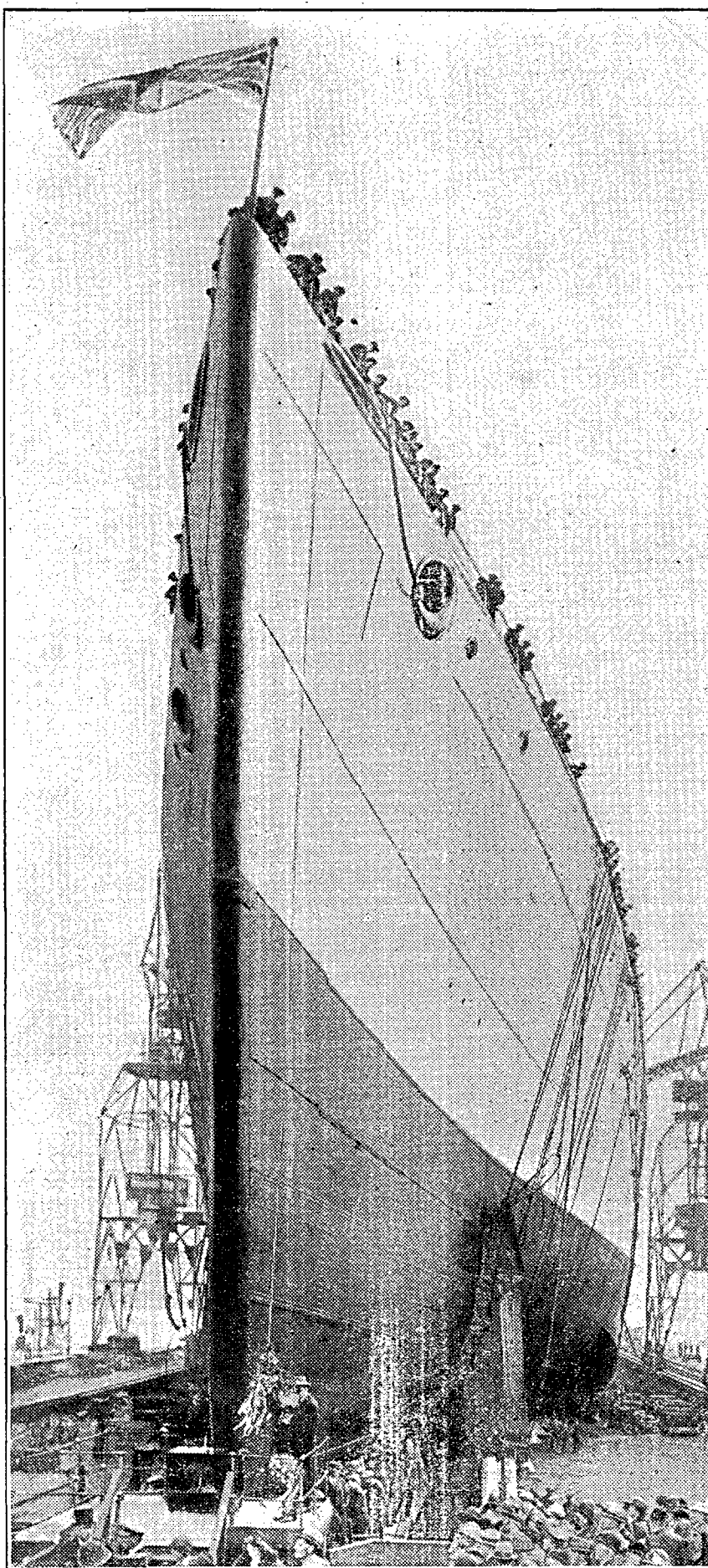
The Danger of the Flood

He could not know that his friends were risking their lives for his sake. It was a most perilous journey for anyone to make, through deep water where a powerful current ran, the flood in some places reaching to eighteen inches from the roof.

Twice a day for a week these brave miners set out on their errand of love. Their trouble was that the poor pony was weakening from exposure and exhaustion. The floods went down after the week, and the dumb friend of the miners was rescued, but only, alas, to die.

The men, like real heroes, do not think they have done anything extraordinary, and they cannot bear to be thanked; but for all that the C.N. is proud of them, and thanks them in the name of every child who loves a pony.

Another Nelson for the Fleet



The great battleship Nelson, launched at Newcastle the other day, is the first British battleship built since the war, and is the last ship of its class that we are allowed to build under the Washington Agreement. It has a displacement of 35,000 tons, yet, as we see in this fine picture, the Nelson moved from her berth as smoothly as a yacht. Laid down in December, 1922, the total cost of the completed battleship will be £7,000,000.

A FORGOTTEN NOOK IN THE VATICAN

WHAT A MAN FOUND THERE

Possibility of a Great Treasure
of Michael Angelo

THE DOME OF ST. PETER'S

Someone has been poking about in one of the storerooms of the Vatican and has unearthed a great treasure.

In one corner of this forgotten apartment was a heap of rags that looked a queer shape.

The man who noticed them had the patience to remove the rags carefully, covered as they were with the dust of many generations, and what should he find underneath but some magnificent sculpture models!

In great excitement they were carried out and examined, one by one. Then it appeared that the man who had been turning this storeroom upside down had brought about a great discovery, for the models were none other than those made by Michael Angelo for the dome of St. Peter's!

Leonardo as the Prophet Isaiah

The figures were supposed to represent the prophets, and experts say that Michael Angelo had made Isaiah like Leonardo da Vinci, the immortal painter; for another prophet he had made a portrait of Vasari, the painter and biographer; for another, Titian; and for another, himself.

The erection of St. Peter's was the greatest of the architectural works to which this great genius was forced to devote himself against his will. It seemed to be not the least good reminding the Pope that he was a sculptor, not a painter, or an architect, or a maker of fortifications. In 1546 they made him architect of St. Peter's, which Bramante had started 40 years before, and, being a queer kind of man, embittered and soured by many disappointments, it pleased him to refuse a salary.

Working Without Wages

Then, when once he had got started on the work, he refused to give it up. When his friends in Florence begged him to go back to happier work, he wrote:

I was set to work upon St. Peter's against my will, and I have served eight years without wages, and with great injury and discomfort to my health. Now that the work is being pushed forward, and I am on the point of vaulting in the cupola, my departure from Rome would ruin the structure and be a grievous sin on my part.

Poor Michael Angelo! His devotion was wasted. He was never able to finish his work on the great dome, but he left a certain number of drawings and models, of which these lately discovered were a number. After his death his design for both dome and lantern was faithfully carried out by Della Porta and Fontana.

THE LEAGUE AT WORK

CANADA IN THE CHAIR

The President who Interpreted His Own Speech

MOMENTS OF ENTHUSIASM

By Our Correspondent at Geneva

Assembly weather! Geneva at its best! Bright sun, clear sky, fresh breeze, and a lake indescribably blue greet the delegates who drew together from all corners of the world to meet for the sixth time in the Salle de la Reformation at Geneva.

Outside, the people crowd upon the pavements to catch sight of this or that distinguished member; inside many friendly greetings pass, as one and another recognise a familiar face.

A bell rings, silence falls, and the meeting is declared open. No president having been elected, the chair is taken by the member who happens to be presiding over the Council. The honour falls to France, and M. Painlevé, its Prime Minister, gives the opening speech.

Calling the Roll

Every seat in the hall is filled, the Press galleries are thronged; we are told that Germany alone has sent a score of journalists. I noticed that through a window opening on the roof two men left their occupation to take a share in the wider work of the world.

Later in the day the roll is called, and each country drops in the ballot-box its vote for president. The choice falls on Canada, and now an interesting and unique thing occurs. M. Dandurand, the new President, makes his speech in French and immediately repeats it in English, and so does not need the services of the interpreter at his side! He expresses the appreciation of his country that it should be chosen to hold this high position, and its feeling of pride, in which the sister dominions will share.

Agreements Between Nations

The Prime Minister of France spoke of very important matters. He recalled the stirring, impassioned, and lofty discussions of last year, which, followed by weeks of close study, produced the Protocol, and reminded the Assembly that such an original, daring, and comprehensive scheme could only be carried into effect slowly, and by patient and constant endeavour. Such moments of enthusiasm, he said, must always be followed by periods less brilliant but equally useful in which the steady work of adapting and adjusting must be carried out; but without such creative moments there would be nothing but stagnation. Though the Protocol was rejected, yet because of it there are now being made agreements between nations which may bring about the result at which the Protocol aimed.

TO NEW ZEALAND IN A YAWL

A Great Adventure for Two

A Plymouth man, Mr. W. Unitt, has set out with his sixteen-year-old daughter in a seven-ton yawl for New Zealand, where they mean to settle. Mrs. Unitt is going out by mail boat.

The boat, named the Merganser, has, besides her sails, a little 14-horse-power auxiliary engine, so that in her thirty-foot hull she has to carry oil as well as provisions. She was built at Fowey.

The list of ports of call is full of interest. After Oporto and Lisbon come Madeira and the Canaries. From Sierra Leone the lonely Ascension Island and St. Helena are to be visited, then Cape Town and Port Elizabeth. Then will come the long run of four or five thousand miles across the Indian Ocean to Australia. Rounding Australia to Tasmania, with various calls, the yacht will cross to New Zealand.

SHIPS THAT PASSED

A Wireless Tale of the Sea

HOW THE DOCTORS CALLED

When the mail steamer Avon was two days out from Rio de Janeiro on her way to Cherbourg, a voice fell from the skies begging for her help.

The message vibrating through her aerials had been wirelessly from the steamer Glofeld, below the horizon, and it told a tale of urgency and distress. The captain's wife was mortally ill, the call ran, and there was no one of sufficient medical skill on board to help her. Could the Avon send her surgeon to her aid?

The Avon's captain could and did. The wireless message from the Glofeld told him her position, and he steamed towards her. But when the two vessels neared one another the heavy seas that were running made the launching of a boat a matter of difficulty. The two doctors of the Avon were not to be deterred from their errand of mercy by that, and there was no need to call for volunteers to man the boat, for crew and doctors were alike eager to go. The boat was got off, and though in its passage from ship to ship the waves sometimes hid it, the doctors reached the Glofeld. There, through an anxious hour or more, they examined the patient and performed in that rocking ship an operation which saved the captain's wife and added one more to the strange and heroic tales of the sea.

LIBERTY, EQUALITY, FRATERNITY

Where Are They?

The International Peace Congress in Paris had an anything but peaceful opening, though the organisers had made arrangements for a really impressive exhibition of international goodwill.

The opening ceremony was to have been presided over by M. Herriot, the ex-Premier of France; the French Minister of Education, M. de Monzie, was to have welcomed the delegates on behalf of the Government; Herr Loebe, President of the German Reichstag, was to have responded; and a letter was to have been read from Mr. Ramsay MacDonald.

But Mr. MacDonald's letter said things about the proposed Pact between France and Germany which the French Government did not agree with, and Herr Loebe had made a speech in Vienna which the French Government opposed.

There were two excellent topics for discussion at a peace congress, but the French Government forbade the reading of Mr. MacDonald's letter and refused to allow M. de Monzie to speak if Herr Loebe spoke too; while M. Herriot refused to attend at all!

Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity are admirable words, but the spirit is more excellent still, and it seems to be missing from all these remarkable proceedings.

SCOUT SIDNEY KING

A Modern Medical Miracle

There is good news for the South African Scouts who clubbed together and sent Sidney King 7000 miles to get back his health.

Sidney, as the C.N. told a few months ago, is a Scout who injured his spine in camp. The South African doctors could not cure him, and recommended that he should come to England. Sidney's Scout comrades came to his help in fine fashion, and before long they had raised enough money for him to undertake the trip.

Now the good news is that the specialist has worked such a miracle that Sidney King is able to walk about with ease, though he came all the 7000 miles on a stretcher. It will not be long before he is himself again.

DAVID CARNEGIE

A BRAVE AND UPRIGHT MAN

Explorer Sleeps by a Thousand-Year-Old Tower

A MAN OF GOD'S COUNTRY

An interesting memorial has been set up in Brechin Cathedral to the Honourable David Carnegie, a man who ranks with the world's great explorers.

He was capable of continued efforts in the face of most disheartening difficulties and dangers, and spent years in cleaving a path across unknown and trackless lands.

Like most men who have faced Nature in her wild solitudes, he was a God-fearing and humble man, combining the gentleness of a child with the iron purpose of a hero. The game of exploring became the absorbing passion of his life. He did not care so much for the glory of arriving at an uncharted place and perhaps altering the world's map, but rather for the thrill and challenge of the journey.

A Modern Sir Philip Sidney

To him nothing happened without God's will. When a poisoned arrow struck him he told his servant that it had been sent by God, a strange reminder in these modern times of Sir Philip Sidney, who said that God had sent the bullet which killed him. In the same way the old saint who had spent his life in another kind of warfare said, *All goeth but Godde's will.*

David Carnegie's end came in Nigeria in 1900, but he will be best remembered for making his way across three thousand miles of desert in Western Australia.

The memorial has taken the form of a bronze plaque, showing the determined, strong profile of David Carnegie. It is a fine piece of work by Mr. William Lamb, and has been set in a quiet corner of the cathedral near the tenth-century round tower, by the crypt where legend says St. Brychan lay.

The Family Banner

The unveiling was a very interesting ceremony. The plaque was draped in an Australian flag and the family banner, and guarded by twelve members of the Brechin branch of the British Legion. A copy of the memorial is to be sent to Perth, Western Australia, where David Carnegie's name is well remembered.

But most beautifully will that quiet, steadfast face look out on past and present in the ancient church where so many of his kin had met and prayed in other times. To that House of God the thoughts of David Carnegie often turned when night came on him in the wild. All the world for him was God's Country, but home was a sacred place.

SWIMMING NIAGARA

Six Children See Daddy Do It

A man of forty, Mr. William Hill, has swum the Niagara River just below the Falls, to the great interest of the crowds lining the banks.

It is not a great swim, only about half a mile, but it is very dangerous because of the current. Mr. Hill began swimming over-arm and then, when he felt the drag of the current, changed to the breast stroke. Nearing the Canadian shore he swung back into over-arm again. The journey was made in eleven minutes.

Mr. Hill has lived near Niagara since his boyhood except for a spell overseas when he was doing his bit in the Great War. He has six children, and they are all proud of Daddy. They knew, of course, that he would get across, knowing more about Niagara than most people; and they knew, also, that Mr. Hill had swum across very quietly one midnight, secretly, taking all risks, just to see what the currents were really like.

SUBMARINE FINDS A LOST AEROPLANE

Adrift in the Pacific

TEN TERRIBLE DAYS

All America is rejoicing over the good news that after ten terrible days of tossing on the Pacific the crew of a missing seaplane is safe again.

The seaplane was one of two planes attempting the flight of 2100 miles between San Francisco and Honolulu. Owing to a strong head wind, she ran out of petrol and had to come down on the water, though when discovered she was only fifteen miles from Kauai Island. But the vast surface of the Pacific was searched by all manner of ships without success, and she had been given up for lost.

Keeping the Machine Afloat

The crew of five must have had a terrible time, for their last wireless message said dramatically, "We shall crack up if we come down in this weather." Yet, somehow or other, they managed to keep the machine afloat in the heavy seas and make the best of their terrible position. They must have been very short of food, for the plane was loaded as lightly as possible.

So for ten days they clung on to life, and meanwhile a minesweeper sighted one of the flares they sent up. A further search was made, and they were discovered exhausted, but safe, being found, oddly enough, by a submarine.

THE PELICAN OF ST. JAMES'S

A Little Tragedy near Charing Cross

An astonishing thing happened in St. James's Park, London, the other afternoon.

Some people were throwing bread on the green to attract one of the big pelicans there when a greedy pigeon came up with great audacity and snatched a morsel. This was too much for the pelican, which flapped its wings, snapped at the pigeon, and, to the consternation of everyone, swallowed the pigeon whole.

Nobody thought the pigeon would go down the pelican's gullet, but it did; and the big bird then entered the lake and glided away quite unconcerned by the excitement it had provoked. It is being carefully watched to see if it suffers from its monstrous meal.

A SAD NECESSITY

The New Health Act

In the new Health Acts now come into force there is a mention of that dread disease which our grandfathers called consumption, which still takes as heavy a toll of lives in England as when the cause of it and its bacillus were found twenty years ago. The new Act recognises that sometimes it is terribly infectious, and that a sufferer from it may be a danger to those who live near the patient and cannot keep away. Consequently, if it is impossible to protect others from infection where the consumptive lives, the patient may be, and sometimes must be, removed to a hospital or sanatorium.

The law will create sorrow and pain in many a poor home, but for a desperate ill desperate remedies are needful.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Cherbourg	Shar-boor
Hawaii	Hah-wi-e
Mosul	Mo-sool
Uruguay	Oo-roo-gwi
Vasari	Vah-zah-re
Venezuela	Ven-e-zwe-lah

EXPLORERS UNDER THE DOLOMITES

Miles of Caves

EERIE CREATURES IN THE WATERS

The Dolomites, the Tirolese mountains famous for their rugged beauty, have provided a remarkable surprise for mountaineers.

It was suggested some time ago that there might be a big system of caverns under the mountains, and now a band of climbers has penetrated nearly four miles underground.

These caverns under the Dolomites are at a depth of from 800 to 1300 feet below the surface, with peaks of ten thousand feet or so towering above them. It is extraordinary to think that, while some climbers may be going up to the snows, other climbers may be going down into depths miles beneath their feet.

A Subterranean Lake

In the caves there were discovered two enormous domes of ice and a subterranean lake nearly 200 yards wide. The explorers say that they saw in the lake an eerie race of pale pink, long-tailed amphibians, without eyes, and strongly phosphorescent. It is thought this may be the first time that these strange sights have been seen by human beings, though there are signs that the outer caves may have been inhabited in forgotten times.

This discovery is the most fascinating that has been made in the Alpine region for a long time, and preparations are now going ahead to explore the caves on a big scale. One would have thought the Dolomites were so well known that there would be nothing left to explore, but evidently they still have surprises to offer.

THE I.S.S.

Students of the World

STRUGGLERS OF 19 COUNTRIES

The International Student Service is the new name of that fine activity which for five years has been known as the European Student Relief.

It was formed in 1920, as a special body of the World's Student Christian Federation, to help to relieve the suffering into which the students of many European countries were plunged as a result of the war.

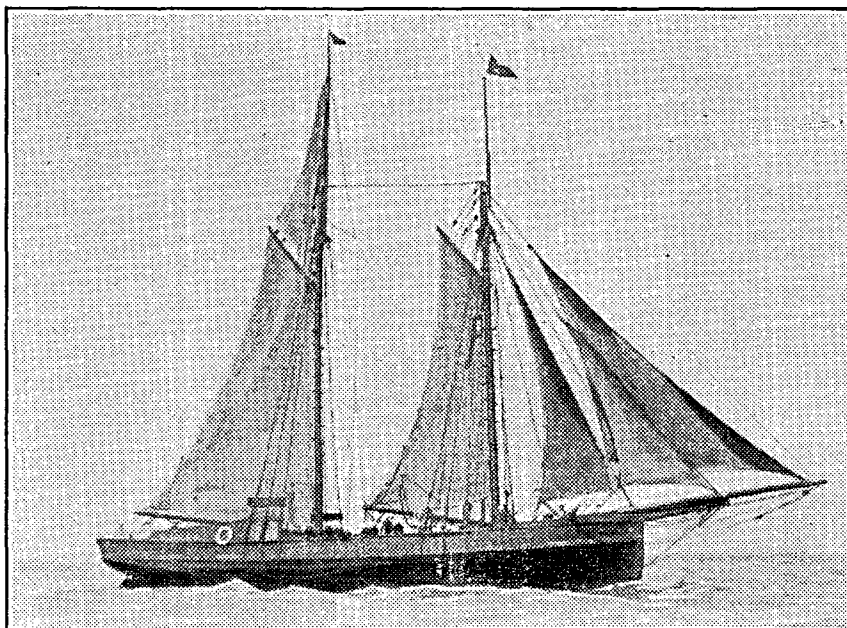
At the conference which has just been held near Geneva the E.S.R. has been able to look back on a fine record, a great cooperation where students of 42 lands have shared their goods with their fellows in 19 other lands.

The object of the conference was to think out the best way of achieving this high ideal. The programme for future work shows a determination to increase international understanding by tours, scholarships, music festivals, and so on, to be ready with information and business knowledge where student hostels are to be established, to co-operate in health crusades, to organise special training conferences on self-help methods.

The splendid way in which students have actually been helping themselves in these bad years was shown when the German delegate brought with him to the conference a first instalment toward repaying the money which had come to him and his brother students in their great need.

The work is now no longer confined to Europe, and has passed the stage of being a relief enterprise; it has become a world service.

A SCHOOL FOR YOUNG SAILORS



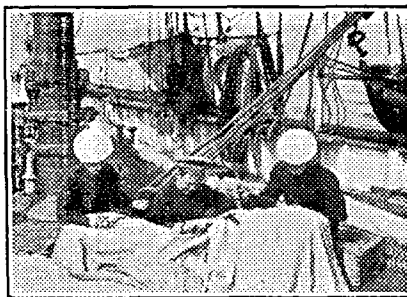
The Maisie Graham under full sail



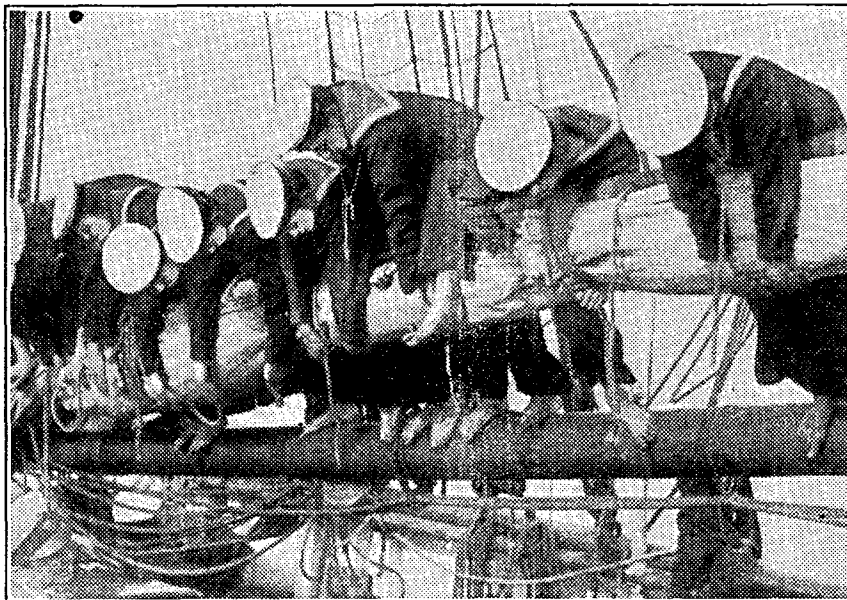
A merry party on the bowsprit



Two cooks peeling potatoes



A lesson in mending sails



Boys learning to furl the sails

Every year the cadets of the Graham Sea Training School at Scarborough take lessons in practical seamanship during long voyages round the coast and to ports on the Continent. These pictures show the boys at work on their new boat, the Maisie Graham, one of the many training schools afloat in which boys are learning to be sailors

A PENNY WELL SPENT WHAT SCIENCE IS DOING WITH IT

The Mosquito Nuisance and Why it Must be Fought

A SEASIDE PERIL

A penny a year is all the average Briton spends on helping scientific research. He spends more on ginger beer, not to speak of other beverages.

But his stinginess is partly due to not knowing what research can do for him, and partly because he has an idea that those scientific fellows do it for amusement. These mistaken notions may sometimes be dispelled when the Briton is brought face to face on his holidays with the mosquito of the seaside.

Man and the Insect

Sir Richard Gregory has been pointing out once more that unless man prevents it the insects will banish him from some parts of the world, and already this remarkable thing has happened in parts of Africa.

Nearly everybody has heard of the great work that has been done in clearing up the Panama Canal zone, so that the dwellers there do not die of the malaria which the stabbing mosquito carries on his spear; but how many people realise that there are parts of England from which the mosquito must be cleared out if the place is to remain a peaceful seaside resort? For five years a Mosquito Control Institute has been working to exterminate the mosquitoes of South Hampshire, which cause serious plagues.

A Seaside Pest

Malaria is not a danger in England, because our mosquitoes, or gnats, which are the same insect, do not carry the malaria germ inside them. But illness and blood-poisoning can be caused by an English gnat's bite, because some poison germ may be carried on, if not in, the stabbing weapon. The scientific research men have found all that out; they have found out also the chief kinds of gnat-mosquitoes which haunt Hayling and other places, and they have discovered how and when to destroy them.

There are roughly three kinds of English mosquitoes—domestic, rural, and seaside. The domestic kind breeds in the water which fills old jam pots or sardine tins; the rural gnats favour ditches or pools or swamps; the seaside pests flourish in salt or brackish water. The best-known domestic gnat, which dances about our houses like the Russian ballet, is not such a severe biter as the others, of which the worst is a seaside brute called *Ochleratus detritus*, which, like the grouse, is strong on the wing. Holiday makers find that out.

What Paraffin Does

Paraffin oil on its home waters is the best remedy for the mosquito, which is really vulnerable only in the nursery. As grubs the mosquitoes dwelling under water will be suffocated by drowning if a film of paraffin covers their residential waters. It used to be thought they were suffocated because oxygen could not get down to them through the film, but research has just shown that what the paraffin does is to destroy the fat in the windpipes of the mosquito grubs. That allows water to flow in and choke them.

Years of patient research by many men have gone to build up this little monograph of the mosquito. A very small fraction of that penny a year has gone to pay for it. But if, instead of one penny, there were many, what value received there would be in the extermination of a score of other insect pests of field and town and garden!

MOTHER GRUNDY'S PARLOUR

LIFE THERE 70,000 YEARS AGO

Caves of a Gorge in the Derbyshire Hills

PREHISTORIC ARTISTS

By the C.N. Archaeologist

In a picturesque and romantic gorge in Derbyshire are certain natural caves which, at a remote period in the Stone Age, were occupied by successive races of hunters.

With the flint implements and other signs of man's former presence discovered in such places are often found large numbers of the fossil bones and teeth of animals, and an examination of these enables us to decide what kind of climate existed when human beings lived there.

The writer was listening not long ago to Mr. Leslie Armstrong's account of his researches in the caves called Mother Grundy's Parlour and the Pin-Hole, at Creswell Crags.

In the lowest layers of the cave-earth in the Creswell caverns were found roughly-made implements in hard rock, and these may, with some confidence, be said to have been used by men who lived about seventy thousand years ago.

Tell-Tale Tooth Marks

These implements were flaked to pointed and other forms adapted for boring, cutting, and scraping purposes. With these ancient remains of man have been found the fossil bones of the mammoth and the lion. The presence of the mammoth points to a cold climate, and it is evident that in the days when the oldest implements of the Creswell caves were made Derbyshire was inhabited by great animals. The hyena was also present, as many of the bones found show extensive signs of having been gnawed by this creature. Above the layer containing these remains has been found evidence of another occupation, much later.

Bone and Ivory Artists

It is known that the people of this later period possessed a wonderful degree of skill in engraving the outlines of animals on bone and ivory. Mr. Armstrong has been fortunate enough to find examples of engraved bones in Creswell caves, and his specimens aroused much interest.

The engraving on bone was done with specially-shaped flints, and the Creswell examples show the outline of the head of what is probably a reindeer, the outline of a fish on a piece of shaped ivory, and rows of straight lines. The animals associated with these remains include the mammoth and woolly rhinoceros.

The excavations have provided students of man's past with a vivid picture of various races of people inhabiting the caves of Derbyshire, and of the various kinds of animals and climate existing in prehistoric times.

SAFER ELECTRIC WIRES

Making Them Fireproof

The important discovery has been made that by covering electric wires with selenium they can be protected from fire.

A pound of selenium will coat a mile of wire insulated in the usual way with rubber and cotton. The insulating material is inflammable in the ordinary way, but if treated with selenium it will not burn. This may save many outbreaks of fire due to the fusing of electric wires.

CHILDREN OF THE LEAGUE

Care of the Backward Nations

WHAT THE MANDATE SYSTEM MEANS

The question of Mosul, whether it shall belong to Mesopotamia or to Turkey, has raised the question of the Mandate of Great Britain for the government of Mesopotamia, for if Mosul is given to Mesopotamia it comes under British rule, Britain being the guardian of Mesopotamia on behalf of the League.

The children of the League, as we may call the nations taken under its protection when the war ended, are scattered over the world, and the small group of ten people who act for the League to ensure that these wards shall be cared for in accordance with the League Covenant meets yearly in Geneva.

Testing the Stewardship

We know these countries under the name of Mandated Territories. Palestine, Syria, and Mesopotamia are countries that need advice and assistance only from the guardian countries until they are able to stand alone; Togoland, the Cameroons, and some Pacific Islands are fully administered by the guardian countries. Each year, in one of the committee rooms of the League, the members of the Mandates Commission meet either the administrators of the territories or representatives of the Governments, and receive accounts of the ways in which each Government is carrying out its pledge to promote the well-being of the peoples under its care.

Inquiries are made into the way children are being educated, whether towns and villages are being made sanitary, whether there are enough doctors, whether labour is free and properly paid, whether the profits made from industries and produce are used for the good of the country, and so on.

Progress Toward Peace

Petitions are presented by the native population or by people interested, and the commission is often able to adjust matters satisfactorily. All statements made, all questions asked and the answers given, are printed and published so that anyone may read them.

We may hope for great and far-reaching results from this Mandate system. It gives to the more advanced nations the chance to help the backward ones in a way never tried before, and progress in this direction will be one of the greatest contributions to the future peace of the world.

A HOUSE GOES TO SEA

A Triumph of Moving

One of the most extraordinary voyages ever known took place in America the other day, when a house about a century old was lifted bodily from its foundations and sent to sea.

Its owner decided to move it from Phippsburg, Maine, to Rockport, 75 miles along the coast. First of all it was moved two or three hundred yards to the shore, where it was lifted on to an immense barge. Then, the sea being calm, the barge was towed by two tugs to Rockport, the voyage being accomplished in twelve hours.

Arrived at Rockport, the house had to be unloaded and carried uphill for more than a hundred yards to the site where new foundations had been laid for it. The work was all carried out so as not even to strain the timber or crack the plaster.

The reason for moving the house was that it is a fine example of an old New England mansion, one interesting point about it being that its old-fashioned wallpaper, which came all the way from Europe, is still well preserved. We understand that it is the first real house that has ever been to sea.

COON BUTTE HILL

Is There a Fortune Under It?

TALK OF A MIGHTY METEOR

The suggestion has been made that a colossal fortune lies hidden in a meteor supposed to lie buried under a hill known as Coon Butte, in Arizona.

Geologists believe that Coon Butte came into existence as the result of the impact of the meteor with the Earth. Fragments of meteoric iron cover the ground about the hill, and microscopic diamonds have been discovered in them. What must amaze us most of all, if this be true, is that the meteor which fell at Coon Butte was more like a minor planet than anything else, for its weight has been reckoned at a thousand million tons!

A syndicate has now been formed to excavate the ground and see what can be won from the diggings. Shortly after the operations began an enormous mass of meteoric iron was found, 1400 feet below the surface, and samples of this metal now appear to yield platinum estimated at the rate of an ounce for every five tons of ore.

Pleasant Anticipations

If this assay be representative of the entire mass, there will be over five thousand tons of platinum to be won, representing a fortune of thousands of millions at the present price of platinum (£24 an ounce). No doubt this price would fall as a result of the discovery of such a big supply, but even if the price fell to that of gold, there would still be a fortune of something like 800 million pounds for the syndicate to divide among its members.

However, that is the story; what has actually happened is that a number of shafts and a great deal of money have been sunk in Coon Butte, and the only results to date are pleasant anticipations. We shall see.

24 MILES A PENNY

An Old Gentleman Remembers

An old gentleman at Penge has been remembering, and this picture from his memory appeared the other day in *The Times*.

I was born in 1831 in the village of Little Shelford, about five miles from Cambridge.

There was no school in the village, and as my father (who came from Suffolk) lost his position owing to the failure of his employer, our position was very lowly. The oldest daughter and son were taken by relatives in London and educated, but myself and three younger ones had to shift in many ways, and often went short of food.

From the age of six or seven years I occasionally earned a few pence from the local farmers in scaring birds. On one occasion I was asked by a farmer's wife if I would go to Royston for her (the distance is twelve miles) "and bring back material for a dress. I could ride the donkey." I agreed to go.

After procuring the material I started homewards, but got very tired, so I got off the donkey and ran by his side for about four miles. When I got back and delivered the material, the lady seemed pleased, and gave me a penny.

THE LITTLE 600

An Unknown Tribe

We do not know very much about the Samoyede people, who inhabit the frozen woodlands of Western Siberia, but a Russian professor has discovered on the River Pura a new race which lives in the Samoyede country.

There are not many of these unknown Siberian forest people, only about six hundred; but they are divided into five distinct clans. They call themselves *The People of the Woods*, and differ from their Samoyede neighbours in their dark hair and complexion.

DO IT NOW AND GIVE IT QUICKLY

A POOR BOY AND HIS TOWN

Help for His People in the Very Hour of Need

A FRIEND OF BUFFALO

We are used to the get-rich-quick idea of ambitious Americans. Now we have, as a delightful corrective, a give-it-away-quickly idea. It comes from Mr. William J. Conners, of Buffalo and West Palm Beach, Florida.

Mr. Conners feels that much misery is endured quite unnecessarily by unhappy people while the Red Tape of charity organisations is being dealt with. He wants to be able to relieve suffering the minute he hears of it. For this purpose he has set aside a fund of a million dollars and smilingly says that he thinks it quite likely the one million will soon be five. Six men have been appointed as trustees of the fund (two Catholics, two Protestants, and two Jews, so that there shall be no prejudice).

So this happy lifeboat has been floated on the human sea, and we have no doubt that many social derelicts will find cause to bless the name of William J. Conners.

Charity Begins at Home

There is one stipulation made by the donor of this large sum. The Conners Fund is for the people of Buffalo alone, the town where William was born and grew up in dire poverty. He has not forgotten those bitter days when food was not plentiful and comfort was unknown. For many years he worked in dockland, laboured as a stevedore, took plenty of hard knocks.

The stevedore was, nevertheless, of the stuff that makes success. Will Conners had the great art of never knowing when he was beaten; he had the genius for realising when that tide in the affairs of men was at the flood. He was a born financier and politician. He rose to great heights of success. Now, having heaped million upon million, he is not going to live in some grand European place and pretend he was born with a silver spoon in his mouth. He is not going to throw away the ladders he climbed by.

The Open Door

William Conners is a Buffalo man and Buffalo has got to help him to enjoy his wealth. It matters not what is needed by the poor of that city. Whether a woman wants a ton of coal or a doctor's care, or a boy needs helping round a tight corner, or a house needs rebuilding, it matters not to Mr. Conners. He has a large heart, and his door is open. He is no fool, we scarcely need say, and the men who work for his trust will suffer no imposture.

It must be a grand thing for people in their dark hour to know a friend is near, that they need but knock at the door; but it must be a grander thing for Mr. Conners. There are few joys to equal that of helping a lame dog over a stile.

FOUR BOATS LEFT FROM 200

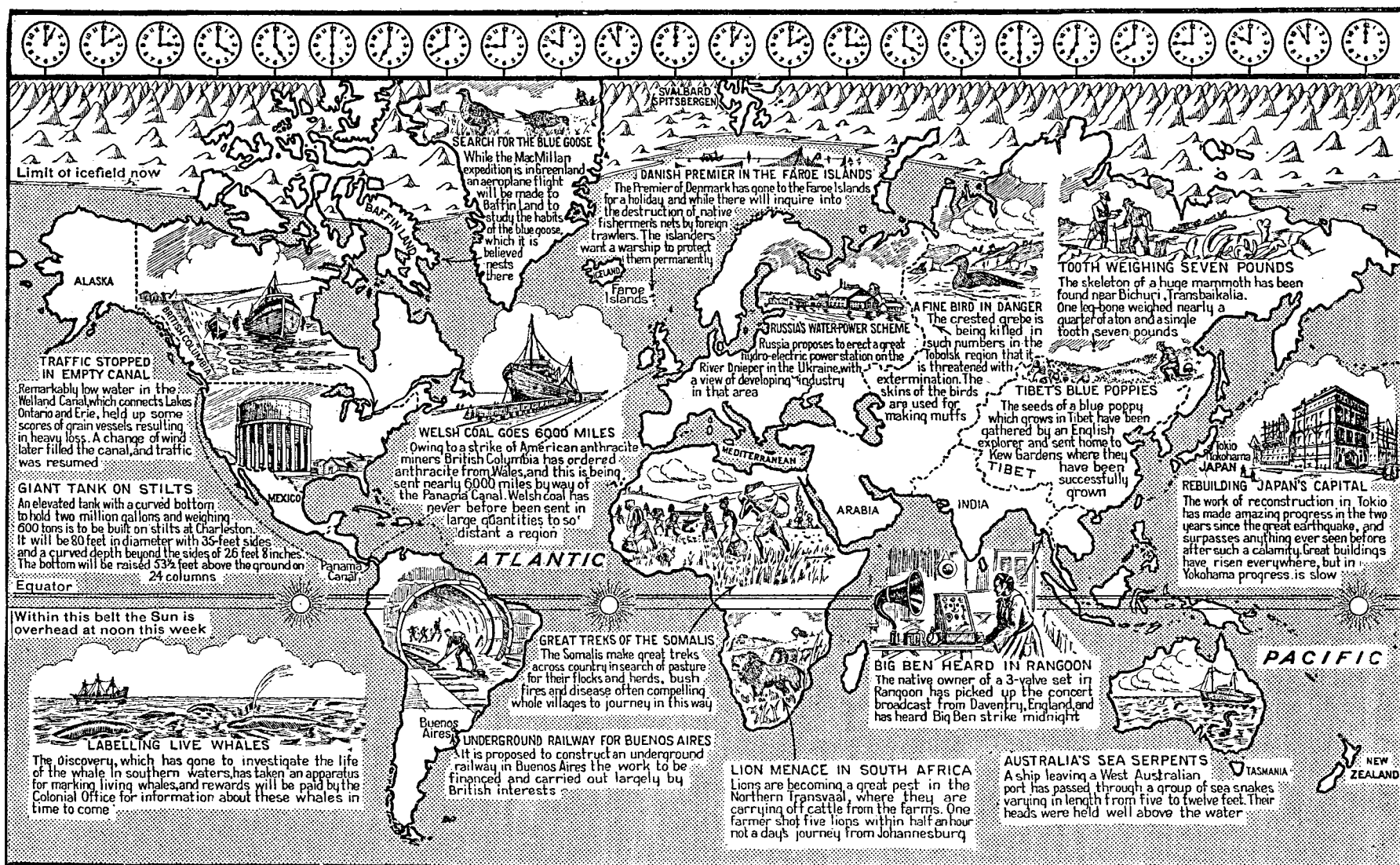
Oysterless Oystermouth

The oyster industry is in a sad state at the fishing town of Oystermouth, near Swansea.

There are only four oyster boats left today out of a fleet of 200 fifteen years ago. Fifty years ago Oystermouth sent from its beds the first consignment of oysters for the Whitstable beds—over fifty millions of them! Now the glory is departed, and the most famous oyster centre in the kingdom is dying.

The fishermen say the Board of Agriculture is to blame for losing interest in the industry; but probably the reason is that people are ceasing to like such things as oysters.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



WORCESTER'S NEW ATTRACTION

Cormorant at the Cathedral AN UNLICENSED ANGLER IN THE SILVER SEVERN

If only the cormorant at Worcester can survive the attentions of the idiot with a gun he will become one of the city's most-sought-after residents. He first flew into fame during one of the Worcestershire cricket matches on the county ground, when he perched on the cross over the west window of the cathedral to watch the game. Many spectators of the match turned from the cricket (which was decidedly tamer than the cormorant) to watch him.

His fame spread, though it was not as a critic of the Worcestershire county team, but as an angler. The silver Severn runs through Worcester, well stocked with pike and eel. The cormorant found them; at all events, he found the eels. He found the eel baskets near the cathedral ferry. He found eels when nobody else could find them, and the angry eel-men said it was because he had found them first. His appetite was enormous, his industry no less. It was said of him that he would dive for a hundred yards to scour the river for food, and that he appeared to have left not an eel in it.

Some foolish person tried to shoot the cormorant, but fortunately the man's marksmanship was as bad as his humanity, and the unheeding bird went on fishing, while other Worcester citizens, now growing proud of their visitor, wrote to say that the attempt to shoot him was illegal.

But his depredations went on till ecclesiastical authority was almost invoked against him, as in the famous case of the jackdaw of Rheims. It was hoped that he would begin to fish for pike instead of eels, but the latest reports of his movements at the time of writing afford no such indication of a change of plan.

THE BOY WHO KNEW WHAT TO DO

How to Deal with a Crocodile

Crocodiles have been known to drag even elephants to the bottom of the Ganges and hold them till they drown; yet a boy named Maloo, bathing in the Mahi, in western India, managed to win in a fight that elephants had found too much for them.

A crocodile seized him by the left arm and dragged him down. But he knew that crocodiles cannot stand pressure on the windpipe, and he managed to swing his right arm round its neck and press till the animal grew limp. He dragged it to shallow water, and there made it let go. Then he kicked it hard, and ran up the bank.

No such escape has been known before; it is a capital example of the value of any odd bit of knowledge.

A WEMBLEY COMEDY

Rats Drive Home the Moral

One of the hundred thousand things to see at Wembley is an exhibit representing a grocer's shop in which cheese, oatmeal, bread, sugar, and so on, are lying about with no wrapping. Dummy rats, mice, and other small beasts are shown eating up the good things, and it is explained that this proves how important it is that food should be made up in properly-packed parcels before being exposed for sale.

But there are real rats and mice at Wembley, and one night they discovered the unwrapped food and did what the dummy rats were pretending to do—ate it all up, so that in the morning there was not a scrap left. They drove home the moral all right, but at rather too heavy a cost for repetition every day!

ON THE TOP OF THE CLIFFS

The Last of a Home

A Sussex reader sends us this note of a grave on the great white cliffs.

On the top of the high white Sussex cliffs is a tiny grave, the stones marking the spot where a garden bloomed and a house once stood. The sea has encroached and the storms of many winters have carried away the last stone wall. Yet still there remains a relic of this once happy home, for the cliff has been strengthened by concrete walls, and now the storms cannot wash away the little grave, all that is left.

This is the inscription there; it must bring a tender feeling to hearts of dog-loving readers:

*Here lies Nipper Boy,
Died October 9, 1911. R.I.P.*

That is all. No; that is not all, for I feel certain that those who stand and read this epitaph can hear, somewhere across the Elysian sands, a jolly little Nipper Boy barking.

CATS

Dangers of Influenza

Quite a number of cats have died of influenza in the suburbs of London recently, and it is the opinion of veterinary surgeons that the infection was carried from overcrowded homes in which people left their pets when they went away for their holidays.

If this is so the moral is that people who are fond of their cats must take the trouble, before they go away, to find them comfortable homes rather than board them out where they may not be too carefully looked after and find themselves in undesirable company.

THE UNTOLD TALE And the Tale with a Tragic Ending AN ATLANTIC TRAGEDY

Ten months ago "The Tale that may never be told" found a place in the C.N., where the daring adventure experienced by three men in a small sailing sloop was recorded.

The three men were a journalist (Mr. Nutting), a writer of sea-stories, and an artist, and they had set sail in order to reproduce, if they could, the exact voyage which Leif Ericsson the Viking had made to America centuries ago.

They had named their vessel after the old explorer and set a course from Norway to Battle Harbour, Labrador. Three days after they had set sail a gale arose in the North Atlantic. They were never seen again.

An American warship, the Trenton, scoured the route they might have taken, but found no traces. The storm had taken them no one knew whither, and it seemed that the story of the sea which they had planned would never be written, and the tale of their own fate would never be told.

It never will be, but now, months afterwards, Captain Macmillan of the Bowdoin, who is leading a Polar expedition, has sent a wireless message which gives a glimpse of the tale's tragic end. At Holstenburg, on the coast of Greenland, he has found traces of the lost sloop, but no living member of its crew.

The Viking of long ago reached land in safety and left a glorious name to history, but these twentieth-century followers in his wake are among those who leave no memorial, and are as if they had never been. Yet theirs was a dashing adventure, a gallant idea, and it is this spirit which keeps the race of men young and makes life worth while.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

SEPTEMBER 26 1925

Who Will Stop the Wind from Blowing?

ONE of the oddest bits of news that ever crept into a paper came to us the other day. Some people in France are trying to patent new flowers!

When a new rose wakes to exquisite bloom we give thanks to Nature for the miracle and praise to the grower whose skill has so ordered the ways of a rose. When a scientist has tried a kind of wheat which will resist its enemies of rust and mildew, and give a finer grain and a better straw, again we give thanks.

The flower-grower and the wheat-grower are not without their reward, because their fellow-men all over the world seek the flowers and the wheat they have produced in order to grow them again. Small fortunes have been made from a new tulip or a new potato. But these queer French horticulturists would go farther. They want to *patent new flowers, and seek a copyright in new plants!*

They want to see that nobody shall be able to grow them again without their leave. They would like to establish for themselves a freehold in these flowers and kindly fruits of the Earth which Nature gives us in due season. Let us smile! Nature is not so easily beaten by her children. If the grower copyrights his flower Nature will send a sparrow into his garden, and in its beak the precious seed will be borne far and wide. Or the wind which bloweth where it listeth will gather the seed on its broad wings and convey it to wherever there is ground to take it. Some seed will fall on stony ground, or among the thorns, yet it will arise in beauty, because such is Nature's prodigal way.

She scatters thus her seeds, as we are bid to scatter seeds of kindness, and lo! they spring up again a hundredfold to make glad the heart of man. A clod of earth clinging to a man's boot will serve her purpose of carrying life and beauty to waste places. Thus has she made the desert blossom as the rose.

How futile it is to try to shackle this bounteousness of Nature! Beauty is the birthright she gives to us all, asking only that we shall not neglect it, or be blind to it. It is everywhere, in the lichens that beautify old roofs in the country, in the hedges which even now are changing their wayside flowers for the scarlet hips and haws, in the trees that now take on the tender tints of fading. Ever and always, even when the flowers sink to their winter sleep, they clothe themselves with loveliness, as a sign that their beauty shall never vanish from the world.

Beauty it is which lifts man above the Earth. Woe to those who would bind beauty in chains.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



A Never-Ending World

WE like the idea of Professor Parks that geology is history. Just as the past history of mankind tells man something of what he will become in the future, so the geological past assures him that the Earth, and life, and the upward tendency of life, will reach out to the illimitable.

Life appeared on the Earth before the earliest rocks and the Cambrian beds were laid down. We can never say quite when that was. But first tiny cells of life appeared. They split into animals and vegetables. Then the first animals, the Protozoa, gave rise to a higher animal, the Metazoa. The Protozoa still went on after their own fashion. They have gone on just as they were for 500 million years. But in that immensely distant day some new creative impulse was given to life, which bade it assume a new and higher form.

So was it, so has it ever been, and so it will be. Geology is history, and part of man's history, for it ever tends to show that over and over again, when the world has been ripe for it, a new and higher form of life with a more powerful intelligence has been born.

A Little Fence

Build a little fence of trust around today,
Fill the space with loving deeds, and therein stay;
Look not through the sheltering bars upon tomorrow,
God will help you bear what comes, Joy or Sorrow.

For Seven Maids with Seven Mops

A friend of the C.N., passing down a lane in the City, saw this busy little scene outside the stately hall of the Goldsmiths Company.

A NUMBER of men were taking from a lorry a rolled-up, roped-up carpet which seemed to have no end. It was being passed along between a double row of men.

Bit by bit the unending roll of crimson and gold was dragged off the dray. Before it could be carried into the hall it had been placed on the shoulders of twenty-two men.

The long file marched evenly and steadily up the steps, between the great columns, and on up the broad staircase, and now this magnificent carpet, all in one piece, is covering a floor that measures eighty feet by forty.

The friend of the C.N. passed on saying softly:

If seven maids with seven mops swept it for half a year,

Do you suppose, the Walrus said, that they could get it clear?

I doubt it, said the Carpenter, and shed a bitter tear.

But we are quite sure the good Goldsmiths Company will keep the carpet clean, even if it should take seven maids with seven mops seven months a year.

The Patient Gardener

A DISTINGUISHED essayist thinks the man who loves a garden is invariably patient.

When the sparrows have dug up half his seeds? When the cats have fought on his flower beds? When the slugs next door have crept through his fence? When the rain has drowned his roses? When the Sun has withered up his lilies? When the wind has dashed his antirrhinums?

Shakespeare has given us a hint of Patience on a monument, and a gardener who is always calm would surely be a monument to patience.

Tip-Cat.

AGRICULTURE is a depressed industry. And won't be happy till it gets over its growing pains.

LONDONERS are said to lack polish. That is why nobody can take the shine out of them.

It takes a brave man to show courage when he hasn't any. Unless he happens to be a conjuror.



PETER PUCK
WANTS
TO KNOW
If Oxford
trousers are
vanity bags

A WRITER wishes everyone would learn to sing. Probably he is a song-writer.

THE modern girl is always willing to help. Sometimes she even helps herself.

SAVAGERY and civilisation are closely bound together. That is, when civilisation is so high it is too bad for anything.

PERHAPS because our country is an island, we find the sea irresistible. Even Canute could not stop it.

GIRLS are said to go about dressed like duchesses. In the words of Shakespeare, their offence is rank.

NOWADAYS, they say, the doctors are very hard hit. Luckily they know how to give themselves first-aid.

Thackeray's Prayer

THACKERAY once, bidding farewell to a friend, said sadly that he would never see him again, that he was ill and would not recover. "But (said he) look in that book, and you will find something that may please you."

The friend took the book pointed out to him, and from it fluttered a sheet of paper on which was written a prayer by Thackeray. In it the famous man asked his Creator that he might never write a word inconsistent with the love of God and the love of man; that he might always speak the truth with his pen, and never write from motives of greed. "I particularly remember (added the friend) that the prayer wound up with For the sake of Jesus Christ, our Lord."

The Dream of George Stephenson

The Railway Centenary is over and forgotten (except for the splendid exhibit at Wembley), but the actual centenary of the opening of the first railway is this week. It was on September 27, 1825, and a good friend has looked up these three references in connection with this great event.

What we have done today, my lads, is not merely to put the finishing stroke to this local line, but we have begun a work which will, in the long run, go forward over the whole country. Ye lads may live to see the day (though I shall not) when it will be possible to travel the whole length of England, up to London, by railway in a single day! *George Stephenson at Stockton*

The railroad rather disappointed me. We went quick enough (thirty-six miles in an hour and twenty minutes), but it made you so giddy to look on the ground, and the dust flew so disagreeably in your eyes, that unless one slept all the way a long steam journey would be anything but pleasant. In one point, however, it is superior to every other kind of travelling—in safety. I cannot conceive a possible accident if you only sit still, for if the boiler was to burst it could not hurt those in the inside of the carriages. *Lord Houghton in the early days of railways*

In the early days of the railway great people travelled majestically, though insecurely, in their own carriages, fastened on to railway-trucks. When, yielding to the argument of safety, they condescended to the railway-carriage, they used to take all the places in the compartment to avoid the horrors of publicity. The adventurousness of a great lady who travelled without this precaution is characteristically quizzed by Lord Beaconsfield:

"I suppose you have heard of Lady Vanilla's trip from Birmingham? She came up with Lady Laura, and two of the most gentlemanlike men sitting opposite her—never met, she says, two more intelligent men. She begged one of them at Wolverhampton to change seats with her, and he was most politely willing to comply with her wishes, only it was necessary that his companion should move at the same time, for they were chained together! Two gentlemen sent to town for picking a pocket at Shrewsbury races." *G. W. E. Russell*

The Earth and a Thimble

I must just tell you how many atoms there are in a drop of water. There are about two hundred blades of grass to a square inch. If you reckon up the number of blades of grass on the Earth you will be surprised to know that is about the same as the number of atoms in a thimbleful of water. They have all a law and order and structure of their own.

SIR OLIVER LODGE

A Little Child's Prayer

I come to Thee, a little child.
Dear Lord, this is my prayer:
In work and play,
All through the day,
O keep me in Thy care.

E. G. FLETCHER

LIKE WOLSEY COME TO LIFE HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF Romantic Life-Story of a Ruler in Tibet

HIS RISE AND FALL

There is no more mysterious country in the world than Tibet, and the news has lately reached us of the death of a man who has added a romantic career to that country's many strange tales. He was known by the picturesque title of the Tsarong Shape. To English eyes he seemed just Cardinal Wolsey come to life again.

We remember Cardinal Wolsey, the Ipswich butcher's son who rose to undreamed-of heights of fame, became a bishop and then a cardinal, and even thought of being Pope. The wrong thing about Wolsey was, not that he was a butcher's son who wanted to be Pope, but that he was an arrogant and tyrannical man who undid by his bitter personality the real worth of his statesmanship. He fell foul of Henry the Eighth, we remember, and died of his public disgrace.

Power of the Dalai Lama

Nearly four hundred years later history has repeated itself.

The Tsarong Shape began life as a very humble person, belonging to the arrow-makers, a despised caste in Tibet, and he owed his rise to power to the timely help he was able to give his master, the Dalai Lama. This gentleman, the Dalai Lama of Lhasa, the capital of Tibet, is the most important person in the country, something like a pope and king combined. He is the head of all the monasteries of Tibet and therefore the country's ruler, for in that strange land one out of every four men is a monk, and religion, statesmanship, and education are all mixed up together.

Across the Brahmaputra

Tibet has a number of huge monasteries, many of them housing five thousand monks, and one famous one, the Drepung Monastery, with ten thousand inmates. In the scheme of thought of this strange land, which dwells for ever remote from human stress and progress, no power can be greater than the Dalai Lama, for not only is he head of Church and State, but is believed by the Tibetans to have divine powers.

The Dalai Lama, for all his mysterious station and grandeur, found himself in trouble with the Chinese some years ago. He was obliged to flee to Indian territory, and was held up at the Brahmaputra River. The Tsarong Shape, who was already in his service, did noble work. He drew the fire of the attack of the Chinese to himself while his master crossed the river. Again, in a few days, being something of a genius in military tactics, the Tsarong Shape was able to rescue the Lama from an enemy attack, and finally landed him safe in India.

A Holiday that was a Mistake

That was the beginning. The ruler of Tibet naturally thought a great deal of the man who had shown such devotion, courage, and skill, and the Tsarong Shape was promoted from office to office. Before ten years had passed he held the strings of the government in his own hands. He became so powerful that the old aristocracy and the slumbering powers of the monasteries were stirred to fear the outcome of his dominion.

LITTLE FREE BROTHER AT LAND'S END

A lady holidaying down at Land's End sends us this little note.

WE stood on the rocks at Land's End, as far as we dare go, watching one of the most beautiful sights to be seen in Little Treasure Island.

The sea was hurling itself against the rugged cliffs, churning itself into white foam on the granite rocks, rushing up narrow channels and gulleys with a dull, booming roar as it was thrown back on itself in its incessant struggle to make new inroads into the coast.

An adventurous place for holiday-makers, scrambling out as far as we dared after the receding waves, throwing challenges to the mighty sea, and then fleeing before the sudden inrush of these great waves of foam. Suddenly:

Oh, look, look! A seal!

Sure enough, the dark head of a big seal rose out of the water, causing as much excitement as if a mermaid had

appeared. He gazed at us calmly, quite unimpressed by the admiration his appearance aroused. He dived again, but at the chorus of disappointment up he came quite close, the water running off his sleek brown head and back as he swam about, never taking his eyes off us. He held us entranced until, suddenly, woof! a great wave at our feet drenched us with spray and sent us staggering back, slipping and scrambling up to safer ground. When we looked again our friend had gone; he was lost in the turbulent waves.

When next we visit the Zoo, and push with the crowds round the seals' enclosure our thoughts will go back to the wild rocks and the grey sky and the lucky seals in the open waters, and perhaps we shall regard with pity those less fortunate seals which no longer know the freedom of the seas.

Shall we give them your love, Little Free Brother?

THE MOTHER OF THE WONDERFUL EGGS



This is what the dinosaur was probably like in the days when the eggs which have now been found in Mongolia were laid. See next column

The Tsarong Shape, blind to danger and indifferent to public opinion, thought last year that he might take a holiday. He left Lhasa for India and stayed away six months. It was six months too long for a man in so unusual a position.

Rumour began to be busy with his name. It was said that he was forming a military conspiracy to overthrow the power of religion in Tibet. The monasteries were badly scared, and the Dalai Lama, at last realising that, in a well-ruled country, the servant must not be greater than his lord, took steps against the Tsarong Shape.

When he returned he found his power gone. His offices and dignities were taken away. This strange, masterful man passed some time against his will in the safety of a monastery, and very soon the whole fabric of his life lay in ashes. Now he is dead. It is a pity that no one said to him in time what Wolsey said to Thomas Cromwell:

Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition.

THE WORLD COURT Will America Join It?

There is growing confidence that the American Senate will decide this year that America shall become a Member of the International Court of Justice.

President Harding, before he died, and President Coolidge, since, both spoke strongly in favour of this step, but the old Senate would do nothing. The new Senate is not believed to be much more friendly to the President than its predecessor, in a general way, but in this matter it is believed to realise that the country is ready to act.

Of course, we all wish America could see her way to join the League itself, but if she will not do that the next best thing is certainly to have her in the Court, and thus show that she really wishes to do something practical toward putting law in the place of war as a judge between nations.

EGGS OLDER THAN HISTORY

LAI'D BY CREATURES LONG EXTINCT

More Discoveries by the Dinosaur Hunters in Mongolia

MY LADY'S NECKLACE

So many of those eggs which the prudent dinosaur laid in the sands of Mongolia ten million years ago have been found by the Third Asiatic Expedition which went to seek them that there are now enough to go round to every natural history museum in the world. Actually the search for them began at least 15,000 years ago.

About that time, when the Reindeer Men were grubbing in their caves in ice-clad Europe, a happy, careless tribe of people lived under the tamarisk trees of the sand dunes of western China. The tamarisks still spread their feathery boughs over Shabrack Ussu, which is what the Mongolians now call this patch of the desert, but the people of that old time have long ago left it.

Ten Million Years Old

The name, the recollection of them, vanished before history began, but they left their spears and arrow-heads, and the needles with which their women sewed the skins of beasts, to be a memorial of their existence and to afford a clue as to what manner of people they were. But they left something else as well. They left the women's necklaces, made of bits of the ten-million-year-old dinosaur eggs!

These primitive people, who had never seen a bit of iron or bronze, and who had not the vestige of a notion what a fossil meant, had light-heartedly dug about the graveyard of the monstrous dinosaurs, and found there nice little bits of stuff which could be clipped into shape and strung on a necklace for a charm. They knew most likely that they were eggs, for they used also to string bits of the shell of the giant ostrich, which is extinct, but it must have puzzled them to know how the dinosaur eggs got there.

Ancient Symbol of Life

Their stone weapons and implements were of red jasper and chalcedony, and are chipped in the same way as those of the men who lived in western Europe at the end of the Ice Age. So perhaps these Stone Men of Mongolia migrated from Mongolia and wandered to Europe. They may have brought their precious eggs with them. Among the relics of the earliest Stone Age Men who came to Europe, Sir Flinders Petrie found an ostrich egg which had been broken and afterwards riveted!

The egg is accepted as the symbol of life by some ancient races. The Dune Dwellers of the Gobi Desert must have been nigh to worshipping a perfect one when they found it.

A Page of History

Dinosaur eggs were certainly plentiful enough. An American explorer leaning over the brink of a high cliff cut his hand on the edge of one. A line of eggshells springing like crocuses out of the ground led another explorer to a clutch of five smooth-surfaced ones. Yet another was a clutch of twelve eggs arranged in a circle exactly as the old lady dinosaur laid them so fondly all those millions of years ago. She might have felt disappointed, had she lived, to find that they never hatched out, but how proud she would have been to hear what people think of them now! This remarkable clutch of twelve eggs has survived the extinction of the dinosaurs and the crumbling of Asia into the Himalayas, a thought which reminds us of the egg that was found unbroken in the ruins of Pompeii, as we read in Arthur Mee's Golden Year. Late in their history they escaped the groping hands of the Dune Dwellers of Tamarisk Town, and they are now a page of history themselves.

THE LEAGUE'S DAY

WHAT IT IS LIKE

A Look Round at the Great World Parliament

THE NATIONS AT A TABLE

From a Correspondent in Geneva

The League of Nations does not get up very early in the morning, but it goes to bed late the night before.

Sometimes an important committee will begin to sit at ten o'clock at night, and will not rise until two in the morning. So there is no very early scramble for seats in the hall in the old part of Geneva where the Assembly sits.

In this hall the delegates from each country (two or three principals and a number of secretaries and experts) sit together, each one with a narrow desk in front of him. In order that there may be no quarrel as to precedence between countries, the alphabetical order is followed. No one can complain that the alphabet has any favouritism, not even Uruguay and Venezuela, though the alphabet puts them at the back.

Speeches in English and French

The front place in the assembly is occupied by South Africa (*Afrique du Sud*), then comes Albania, followed by Australia, Austria, and Belgium, and so through the Bs, Cs, and Ds. On this reckoning Abyssinia should be in front of everybody, but the jet-black princes of Abyssinia are down among the Es (Ethiopia), while Holland, which you would look for under H, is down with the Ps (*Pays-Bas*).

On the rostrum four interpreters make their appearance, two to take turns in interpreting French into English, and two to interpret English into French. Everything must be said in both languages, and in no other. Practically all the delegates from Europe, except, of course, the British delegates, choose to speak in French, though many of them understand English; the same is true of the States of South America. The rest generally speak English.

Order of Procedure

In the middle of the lower platform is a tribune, from which every speaker addresses the Assembly. Above, in the highest place, sits the President, with the Secretary-General (Sir Eric Drummond) on one side, and his interpreter on the other.

The bell rings at last, and the President declares, in French, that the session is open. An interpreter repeats it in English. The President makes some announcements and indicates the course of business, and the interpreter again gives the English of it. Then comes forward to the rostrum the delegate who is to propose a resolution or present a report. He speaks, perhaps, at length, pausing now and then to enable the interpreter to catch up. Other speakers follow him.

The League's St. Bernard

By one o'clock, when lunch is being served at all the splendid hotels on the lakeside, impatience begins to manifest itself. A division is called. The names of 54 countries are read out, and the principal delegate from each answers *Oui* or *Non*. Within five minutes the voice of every member nation, from China to Peru, has been heard; then there is a sudden movement, a buzz of conversation, and the session is ended.

In the afternoon, on the other side of the lake, in different apartments of the beautiful building of the Palais des Nations, the six committees of the League may all be in session simultaneously. Each committee represents only one-sixth of the Assembly, and the

THE DOOMSTER

Death-Watch Meets Its Match

TACTICS OF THE CLERID BEETLE

Tick, tick, goes the death-watch beetle as he sings the song of the death of the famous old oak which he haunts when it is still in green leaf, and pursues when its timbers hold up the roofs of ancient halls and churches.

But according to a German naturalist the death-watch beetle is itself haunted and pursued by another beetle, the clerid. The clerid lives on the death-watch, which goes down before its conqueror as if swept away by a pestilence.

Therefore, said the naturalist, it will be found sufficient, in order to remove the death-watch, to set a battalion of clerid raiders on his track.

Easier said than done! Professor Maxwell Lefroy, the entomologist, of the Imperial Institute, found that all the clerid beetles he sought seemed to have silently vanished away. There must be millions of them, but their usual haunts were scoured in vain.

Mystery of an Old Oak

There was an old oak in Richmond Park on which the death-watch beetle had got in its deadliest work, leaving little of the tree except a hollowed trunk. It was supposed that it must be swarming with the armies of the death-watch, and, according to report, clerid beetles had also barracks there.

When the tree was cut down and its trunk examined, not a death-watch beetle was left of all the thousands which had eaten it to a honeycomb. There was one clerid beetle and one grub! What had happened? It could not be supposed that all the death-watches had disappeared into the maw of the one clerid; if that could happen then the clerid would be a terrible fellow indeed, something like W. S. Gilbert's long-shoreman in the *Bab Ballads*, who was:

*The cook and the captain bold,
And the mate of the Nancy brig,
And the bo'sun tight and the midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig!*

Nor was it easy to understand why death-watches and clerids both should have left the failing but still succulent tree.

The Clerid's Coming Trial

Another effort to find clerid beetles failed for another reason. An ancient lych-gate of oak was reported to be infested with them. But when Professor Lefroy got into touch with the lych-gate, it was only to find that somebody had just treated it with poison, and the clerids had all been destroyed.

The resources of South Kensington were not exhausted. By one means or another thirty clerid beetles or grubs have been collected in glass cases. They are being nourished on wood, and next year, when the time is ripe, they will be let loose on the death-watch beetles, which are easily found. Then Professor Lefroy will be able to see for himself whether this experiment of setting a thief to catch a thief is likely to rid us of the ancient pest of the wood-borers.

Continued from the previous column

proceedings here are much less formal. The members sit on either side of two long tables, and at a top table are the President of the Committee and staff.

This committee meeting may last three hours. As seven o'clock approaches the committees adjourn, but one or two may perhaps meet at a later hour. The Palais des Nations has little rest, day or night. At night its entrance is guarded by a magnificent St. Bernard, an animal so ponderous that it has been said that he shakes the very foundations of the League when he thumps his tail.

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE



The Red Indian population of the United States is increasing.

The horse of the country carrier at Amptill having died, the carrier has been publicly presented with another.

Seventy Years at Home

A woman died at Llanelly the other day after living seventy years in the same house.

Scouting in Bulgaria

The Boy Scouts of Bulgaria, where the movement is just a year old, have been holding their first jamboree.

The Signalman to the Rescue

A Lincoln signalman, seeing a boy drowning in the Brayford Pool, left his box, plunged in, and rescued him.

To a Lady of Batley

Will the lady who sent the Editor a postcard from Batley please send her address?

Mr. Swann and the Cygnet

Hearing a noise in his bedroom, a man named Swann at Leavenheath, in Suffolk, discovered that a cygnet had made its home in his bed.

The Dog in the Bucket

When a bucket was lowered into a disused coal pit at Alloa a collie dog, which had fallen in, jumped into it and was drawn to safety.

Home Again

A Streatham man who lost his fox-terrier at Brighton was amazed to find the dog on his doorstep the next morning. It had run 45 miles during the night.

John Ruskin's Stone

M. Paderewski unveiled at Chamonix the other day a tablet fixed to the stone from which John Ruskin used to look out on Mont Blanc. The tablet is the work of the Polish sculptor Tarnowsky.

The Right Kind of Street

Shaftesbury Avenue, London, which has a surface of four inches of asphalt on top of concrete, has not needed repair for nearly six years, though it carries 28,000 tons of traffic a day.

A Year's Tugging

After taking a big floating dock to the East Indies, two Dutch tugs towed four vessels to Melbourne and then took a crippled liner 13,000 miles from Adelaide to Rotterdam, all this being accomplished in a year.

Something New in Trees

While Captain Wilkins, exploring in Australia for the British Museum, was in Cape York Peninsula he found a tree, hitherto unknown, growing forty feet high, with a brilliant reddish flower from which a long yellow pendant hangs.

FOR A PACIFIC PACIFIC

A Little League to Keep it So

Physically the Pacific is no less subject to storms than any other ocean, but as regards the storm of war there are people living on its shores who are anxious to keep it pacific in fact as well as in name. To that end they have established an Institute of Pacific Relations.

The Institute has just held its first gathering at Honolulu, where members from Australia, America, Canada, China, Japan, Korea, the Philippines, New Zealand, and Hawaii conferred for a fortnight. With them were two honorary members from Britain, Lord Radstock and Major Young, of the Y.M.C.A.

No distinctions of race, colour, or creed were admitted, and the matters discussed concerned legal, financial, economic, social, psychological, religious, and social questions. A committee of five (from Japan, China, Canada, America, and Hawaii) was appointed to put the Institute on a permanent basis. May it succeed in making Pacific relations permanently pacific!

ANYBODY'S HOUSE

IS NOBODY'S

Why Should Anybody Build It?

A BOLSHEVIK PUZZLE

We have our housing difficulties, but our most crowded towns are Paradise compared to Russia's. And the reason is easy to see.

The war interfered with house building there as here, but when the Bolshevik Revolution came, and private property was abolished, the houses belonged to nobody and nobody paid rent. So naturally nobody built houses! Anybody's house is nobody's, and why should anybody build it or repair it?

The Government told the people where to live, and as they were always being moved about and having to take in extra people, and having their furniture given to someone else, they lost all interest, and some of them cut up floors, doors, and furniture for fuel.

Moscow's Sad Plight

The result was that at the beginning of 1924 forty thousand houses in Moscow had become unfit to live in, and no new ones had been built. Now no one is rich enough to build houses, so that little more than a hundredth part of the houses needed have been built.

Naturally, the sickness in these over-crowded cities is very great and the workers are not strong enough to make the effort required to increase production and make the country richer. All this is told in the International Labour Review of the League of Nations, so we may rely on the facts.

A MYSTERIOUS JOURNEY

A Liverpool Cat Story

A Bristol reader sends us a story of a cat's mysterious journey.

A household removing from the south-west of England to Liverpool had a cat which was a great favourite, but a difficulty in taking it arose because a visit was to be paid to Llandudno on the way to Liverpool, while the furniture was sent direct. So the cat was left behind with friends.

When the husband and wife journeyed on from Llandudno to Liverpool, and settled in their new home, a mew came one night at the door, which the husband at once said was that of the cat. On opening the door he found the cat was there, but almost a skeleton. It was petted and fed and duly recovered, but it has always been a mystery how it found its way from the south-west to Liverpool, to the house of its owners.

Our explanation would be that the cat, in all probability, travelled with the furniture. It might easily do so and be undiscovered. It would know the furniture, and remain with or near it.

KEEPING WATER PURE

A Swimming-Bath Triumph

Chlorine gas is probably the best weapon we have against dirt and disease.

A test has just been concluded of the power of chlorine to keep the water of a well-known swimming-bath pure. The water has not been changed for 19 weeks, but it has been treated with just enough chlorine each day to destroy the impurities. After thousands of bathers had used the baths for nearly five months an analysis showed that the bath water was purer than good drinking water.

It has now been definitely shown that there is no need to change the water in swimming-baths year in and year out, but merely to circulate it through some simple filtering medium, and then to treat it with one part of chlorine to every two million parts of water.

HARNESSING THE TIDES

American State to Vote About It

TWO LAKES ALWAYS WORKING

We in England have been talking for a long time about harnessing the tides to supply electric power. Plans have been drawn up for doing it in the Severn estuary, but that is as far as we have got, or generally do get. Is America going to steal a march on us?

There is a scheme on which Mr. D. P. Cooper has been working for 14 years to make great dams in Passamaquoddy Bay, a deep inlet separating the State of Maine from the Canadian Province of New Brunswick; and a vote of the people of Maine is to be taken. If the referendum is successful the American and Canadian Governments will be asked for their sanction, and, that given, the thing will go ahead.

Islands Joined Together

The idea is that islands are to be joined together so as to enclose a space of 150 square miles of water embracing two great inlets, and these are to be separated by a wall 3600 feet long. Gates are to be opened and shut in such a way that the sea will flow into the larger lake at high tide and out of the lower lake at low tide. The two lakes will thus always be at different levels, whatever the state of the tide; and water will always be falling from the one to the other over the whole 1200 yards, working power-houses which will generate from 500,000 to 700,000 horse-power, day and night.

The work is expected to take five years, and to cost fifteen million pounds.

CLEAN FOOD

Why Not Keep the Law?

The new rules about keeping meat clean came into force on the first of April, but already there are reports of their having passed into neglect. More and more men are said to be "forgetting" to wear the washable coats and caps that were ordered for meat porters, and are carrying the carcasses on their backs, resting on their ordinary clothes.

Street stalls are facing the streets again, instead of having their backs to them, and very few of them have the gauze curtains the regulations require. Even the notices asking customers not to handle meat before buying it are being forgotten, too. Offenders appear to be let alone because the officials do not know whether they will be supported by the Health Office or the magistrates if they try to enforce the rules.

All this will certainly have to be altered, and in the name of cleanliness we appeal to the Ministry of Health to see to it.

A GOOD IDEA SAVES £1,000,000 A YEAR

A Brain Behind the Cardboard Box

It occurred to someone in the United States that there was an unnecessarily large number of different sizes of cardboard boxes.

Food, medicines, chemicals, electric lamps—a thousand different kinds of goods are packed in cardboard boxes, and hundreds of different shapes and sizes are used. The practical idea was evolved that if all the big business heads could be called together, they might agree on a certain number of standard sizes of box and save enormous waste. The common-sense of the scheme was quickly recognised, and United States manufacturers have just agreed to adapt their packing so as to make use of a small number of cardboard boxes of standard sizes. This will save over a million pounds a year.

THE MAN WHO TOOK THE FLAG TO INDIA

JUST two centuries have passed since the birth of Robert Clive, the remarkable man who founded the British Empire in India under the East India Company.

Not a few people today who know very little about the conditions of life in distant lands, and still less about those conditions two hundred years ago, say loudly that it is the business of all nations to leave all other races to get along as best they can by themselves, and that the participation of the British in the government and development of India has been a mistake from the first.

On the other hand, a vast majority of those who have genuine knowledge of the part played by Great Britain beyond the seas think that human happiness and prosperity have been vastly increased in many lands by British influence and rule, and that nowhere has this been proved more clearly than in India.

A Great Englishman

The man who gave a start to this great work, and infused into it a good deal of the fine spirit that has long accompanied it, was Robert Clive. Whether judged by his personality, his deeds, or the lasting effects of his actions, Clive was a naturally great Englishman, radiating resolution and power.

Born on September 29, 1725, he came of a very old Shropshire family, that lived rather poorly on its landed property, and he had to turn out and earn his own living when he, the eldest of seven children, was eighteen years old. He minded that the less because he had been made to feel himself an unsatisfactory scholar at school. His thoughts dwelt on adventure rather than learning. He earned no prizes. Yet afterwards, when he had taken to books on his own account in India, he showed by his writings and speeches that his brain power must have been badly misjudged when he was a boy.

It was as a clerk in the service of the East India Company, which had the right of trade with India at Calcutta, Madras, Bombay, and elsewhere, that he went to Madras. He did not like the business he was in, and was lonely and often ill with the climate, which indeed permanently injured his health. But he found India endurable, even under the trying conditions that then existed, and he had scope for adventure through an active life.

Rival Viceroy

The country was in a state of confusion. Its ruler, in name, was the hereditary Great Mogul, reigning in Delhi, but active power was in the hands of viceroys over districts, and these coveted offices were sought by rivals, who looked for help to the European nations that were themselves rivals in Indian trade.

Thus one ambitious representative of the Mogul would make friends with the French through Dupleix, the clever French Governor in Pondicherry, and his opponent would seek assistance from the English in their fort-factory at Calcutta or Madras. When England and France were at war at home, the struggle was re-echoed in India, and European rivalries became mixed up with the ambitions of aspiring Indian leaders. To a large extent English and French fought each other as supporters of Indian factions. They took sides in native warfare, and victory always left more power in European hands. Besides, the terms on which they would give their help were high, for the wealth of the Indian princes was great.

Into this world of strife Robert Clive came while still in his teens, and by the time he was 21 he was a soldier. In 1746 Madras was captured by the French, and Clive was taken prisoner as one of the staff of the East India Company there; but he escaped to the neighbouring fort of St. David. There he was much more at home than at an office desk, and as a soldier he so quickly distinguished himself by his boldness and resource, that he was captain in charge of supplies when a temporary peace followed.

When war again broke out Clive drew up a plan of campaign, which included the capture of the town of Arcot. With two hundred Europeans and three hundred sepoys he captured the town, but was then besieged there. For fifty days he withstood an enormously strong force of attackers, and finally routed them from the field.

The Black Hole of Calcutta

After this he returned home, but next year went out again to be Governor of Madras. Just as he arrived in India Calcutta was captured from the English, and 146 people were suffocated in a stifling prison known as The Black Hole. Clive at once organised the recapture of the place, and with six hundred British soldiers and eight hundred sepoys, five hundred sailors, and seven cannon, utterly defeated 34,000 men with forty cannon.

Six months afterwards, on June 23, 1757, his eleven hundred Europeans and over two thousand sepoys, with ten cannon, completely routed, at the decisive Battle of Plassey, fifty thousand infantry and eighteen thousand horsemen with 50 cannon, and Great Britain was firmly established as the European Power that would superintend the just development of the Indian peninsula with its multitude of races, languages, and interests.

Three years later Clive, who was then only 35, came home again, was made a lord, and invested his wealth in land; but soon the East India Company again sent him out as governor and commander-in-chief to consolidate British power and to reform the administration by overthrowing the system of bribery that had existed from the first, and by substituting for it a good salary for sound staff service.

Clive's work of purifying a service long accustomed to corruption made him many enemies, who attacked him bitterly in his later years. Harassed by his foes and weakened by his residence in unhealthy places, he, in a fit of depression, took his own life at 49.

Conqueror and Reformer

Lord Clive had some of the weaknesses of the age in which he lived. He accepted at first the usages he found in India, and gained great wealth rapidly during his early period of success. But he saw clearly the evils of great gain from work done for a company, though that was really public and national work, and his service as a reformer was almost as great as his service as a conqueror.

As a soldier there is no doubt that he had great natural military genius, and a most inspiring effect on those who served under him. The sepoys' name for him was *The Daring in War*. The effects of his life are visible in the honourable story of the education of India to take her place in the company of British Commonwealths that form the Empire. He made it possible because he was strong. It will need strength in government to make the experiment successful even now.

THE HARVEST MOON

STAR HIDDEN BY OUR SATELLITE

Marvels of the Sea Goat in the Sky

A JOURNEY OF 10,000 YEARS

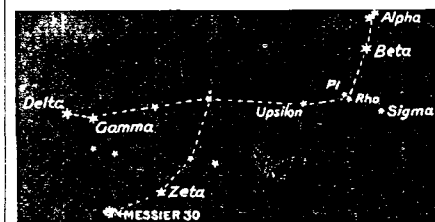
By the C.N. Astronomer

On Monday evening next the star Gamma, in the constellation of Capricornus, the Sea Goat, will be occulted by the Moon. It is only of 3.8 magnitude, so glasses should be used to observe it.

Next week the "Harvest Moon" will rise from September 28 till October 7 only about half an hour later each evening.

She will also be at her nearest on the evenings of the 28th and 29th, and will then be only 23,280 miles away, when due south. The moon will therefore be at her brightest, and appear nearly one-seventh wider than when at her farthest, 247,270 miles away, on the evening of October 10.

Gamma in Capricornus is the brightest star to be occulted by the Moon since that of Aldebaran last February, and, fortunately, when the Moon hides Gamma from us, the star will disappear



The chief stars of Capricornus

behind the dark, unseen edge of our satellite, almost midway between the upper and lower point of the Moon's disc. The occurrence takes place at 11.29 p.m. summer-time; but the Moon may be seen approaching the star some hours beforehand.

We say "approaching," but actually this is only the effect of perspective; since Gamma is travelling toward the east at a far greater speed than the Moon is round the Earth. Owing, however, to the star's immense distance, no movement is apparent to the eye, even in a lifetime.

Indeed, were the Moon to stand still, as it were, it would take the star 10,000 years to pass behind the Moon. This is because Gamma is 4643 million times as far off as the Moon. So, whereas a ray of light takes just over one second to reach us from the Moon, it takes 181 years from Gamma.

A little to the left of Gamma, nearly four times the Moon's width away, is the slightly brighter star Delta in Capricornus. This must not be confounded with Gamma when observing the occultation.

Records of Ancient Babylon

Capricornus possesses many other stellar marvels, but a clear night, when the Moon is out of the way, is necessary to see them with advantage. The accompanying star map shows the brightest and most noteworthy of its gems.

Capricornus is one of the most ancient constellations, appearing on Babylonian tablets practically the same as now. Then it was the most southerly constellation of the Zodiac, and among its stars the Sun appeared to travel at mid-winter, but owing to the precession of the equinoxes during the last two thousand years or so Sagittarius has taken its place, though the name and sign of Capricornus are still used to designate the portion of the heavens where the Sun is in mid-winter.

Actually he is in Capricornus from January 19 till February 14. This is an anomaly that astronomers, usually so exact, will have to correct eventually, unless the matter is left for some 23,000 years. At that distant date the stars of Capricornus will again coincide with the sign of Capricornus. G. F. M.

Other Worlds. In the evening Venus in the west, Jupiter south-west, Uranus south-east.

COPPER MOUNTAIN

Adventurous Days
Among the Eskimos

Set down by
John Halden

CHAPTER 46 Ole Has a Plan

CHRISTOPHER and Ole had been walking more or less backward, keeping an eye on the warriors behind, who, however, showed no signs of attacking. Suddenly Ole thought of a stratagem.

"Walk faster!" he muttered over his shoulder to the others, who at once quickened their pace.

Christopher and Ole, on the contrary, slowed down, so that there was soon considerable space between the two parties.

They were now almost at the spot where the path narrowed between two rocks on entering the plateau.

A dead bush of considerable size, dried out by the hot sun, stood near this entrance.

With a swift stroke of his knife Ole cut this off at the base, and, as it toppled across the path, drew his matchbox from his pocket, and lit it in several places.

"Run, Chris!" he said, as the dry bush blazed up.

To the Copper Villagers, accustomed to their slow and laborious methods of making fire, and who, of course, had never heard of matches, this procedure was as miraculous as if Ole had waved a wand over the bush and it had immediately burst into flames.

With a shout of astonishment and fear they drew back.

"Any man who passes that enchanted flame will die!" cried Ole, as he followed Christopher through the opening in the plateau.

In spite of their terror, however, one or two of the more intrepid warriors prepared to brave the flame. Ole knew that if they passed safely the others would follow.

"Get back!" he roared, and ran almost into the fire, now blazing high in the air. To the native warriors the sight of this enraged man, roaring like a lion and standing seemingly in the very midst of the miraculous flames, was too much.

With one accord they turned and ran down the slope.

When they looked back all the white people had disappeared.

Behind the rocks that shielded the plateau the white party was taking counsel. All, that is, but Timothy. He had run to the aeroplane, and was getting the engine in shape to start.

"In a few moments he shouted.

"Nell first!"

"Not I! The Eskimos first!" said Ellen decidedly.

Timothy raised a protest, but Christopher supported Ellen.

"The Eskimo women first, then Ellen, then the Eskimo men," he said. "We owe them our first protection; but one of us must be there to take command. Ellen, you are the obvious one."

Arnanyak took her place beside Timothy, shaking and moaning with terror that was only surpassed by her fear of remaining, and with a roar the Sleeping Bird woke and soared over the village.

Those below who had been watching shrieked with terror and flew to their tents. The warriors on the slope roared no less with fright, and tumbled down to their homes.

On the plateau above the travellers took stock of their own chances of escape.

"Tim intends to land on the plain about twenty-five miles toward the coast," said Christopher. "If nothing happens to his plane he should be back in less than an hour. Meanwhile, Nell, you and the Eskimos stay here and guard the petrol tins. Our lives depend on them."

At the end of the path the boys and Ole were also discussing plans.

"It's going to take hours to get us all away in that biplane," said Ole. "As soon as the natives down there realise that the bird, instead of attacking them, is carrying us away, they may brave their terror

and come back here. Do you think there is any other entrance to the plateau but this one, Chris?"

"I haven't seen one," answered his friend. "Unless they were to storm us from above."

"They may do that, but not at first, I think," said Oleson. "Now, my idea is to pile up all the dry bushes that we can gather and set them afire right here between the rocks at the entrance. That ought to stop them for a while."

Christopher nodded his approval of the plan.

"Even if the aeroplane doesn't break down, or run out of fuel, it will take all night to get us all out of here," he said. "I imagine with all our subterfuges it will come to a fight at the last. Still, we must put them off till we have got Ellen and the Eskimos out of the way."

CHAPTER 47 The Petrol Gives Out

IN their hearts neither Ole nor Christopher believed that the supply of petrol would hold out till they had all got away from Copper Mountain. The question was, who should go first to safety.

While Tom, having piled high the heap of dried brush between the stones at the entrance to the plateau, examined the petrol tins, his elders discussed the matter.

"Once Ellen and the Eskimos are taken to safety," said Christopher, "Tom must go, of course; then you, Ole, and then I."

Oleson shook his head obstinately. "The Lady Nell will be beside herself till she sees you safe," he said. "You go after Tom, Chris, then I'll come. The petrol will hold out all right."

At this moment Thomas came running, consternation on his face.

"The last petrol tin has sprung a leak!" he cried. "Some sharp stone or other, I suppose. It's a wonder any of them stood the trip. I wonder how much fuel Tim has in his machine?"

"Has the petrol all run out?" said Christopher anxiously.

"Every drop!" returned his brother.

"That settles it, Ole," said Christopher decidedly. "You go after Tom—that is to say, if Timothy is able to make so many trips. I am thinking of Nell and the rest of the party now. You are a better hunter, a better leader than I am in this unknown country. You must go so that you can lead them back to Prince Albert Sound."

"I'm thinking of the Lady Nellie, too," said Ole sombrely. "Do you think her life would be worth anything to her if you were left behind in the hands of these savages? I would rather face them than her despair. Why, it's for you she came to this country. She doesn't care anything about copper and fabulous wealth. It's my talk about it that got you all into this trouble."

"I understand," said Christopher, "and I'll go first. Perhaps it's not so bad as we think."

"There's enough petrol for one refill, I think," said Tom. "I looked in all the tins. You had better let me stay till the last, though. I rather relish the thought of staying here till you come back for me. I'd be a god, and make them build me a copper throne."

"The situation is too grave for jokes, Tom," answered Christopher. "And you know very well neither Ole nor I would let you stay behind."

Ole nodded a gloomy agreement to Christopher's words. The same arguments that he had used for Christopher applied to the young brother. He could not face the lovely girl without them.

"There's just one thing worrying me, though," said Ole. "It's the dogs. If we leave them behind they will run wild, and maybe starve, for the natives would be afraid to touch them. Could we take Anaktok and Pikaluk, do you think?"

"I should think each passenger from now on could carry one on his lap," said Christopher.

"There comes Tim now!" cried Tom, pointing to a white speck in the sky. "He'll take the last of the Eskimo men this trip."

Down in the village, as Ole shrewdly surmised, the warriors had recovered from their first fright, and were looking cautiously out of their tents to see what was going on up on the plateau. As the half-empty aeroplane settled gracefully down, and one of the Eskimos, with the trembling Pikaluk, got in and soared away again the savages realised that their "gods" were escaping them.

A yell went up, and mastering their fear, some of the more intrepid warriors started up the mountain path again, armed with bows and arrows as well as their spears.

"Set a match to the pile of brush," said Christopher, "and then run for shelter to the caves!"

Tom lost no time in setting the heap alight.

As they saw the "supernatural" fire again leap up, the warriors stopped aghast once more half-way up the slope.

"That ought to hold them for a while!" crowed Tom, who to tell the truth was enjoying the adventure much more than his elders.

"It will only stop them while the flames are too high to pass," predicted Ole.

It seemed an age before Timothy returned. His face was set with fatigue, and he sat breathing deeply and silently while Tom, with Anaktok in his arms, climbed into the machine, after vainly begging to be allowed to stay. Ole and Christopher put what was left of the petrol into the tank.

"There's still a tin untouched," said Timothy, glancing at the last one.

He had noticed that Christopher had not filled the tank, but supposed it was for lack of time.

"Nell and the rest are all right, and waiting for you. Think you can hold off the savages a while longer? Have the last tin ready to pour in when I come back, will you?"

Christopher made a sign to Tom not to tell of the accident to the petrol tin. It was no good worrying Timothy with that.

The boy started his engine. "The fire seems to hold them. Keep it up. I'll be back soon. Good luck!"

He was off. The fire, however, was dying down. Moreover, the warriors seemed to be taking counsel.

"What mischief are they planning now, I wonder?" muttered Ole between his teeth. "If they try to rush us from above we shall have to shoot."

"I'm afraid so," answered Christopher. "We'll try frightening them first, though. Remember, they haven't heard our guns yet."

MY MAGAZINE

Edited by Arthur Mee

The October number of the C.N.'s monthly companion is now on sale everywhere. It deals in an entertaining manner with a wealth of topics and the titles that follow are but a few taken at random from this outstanding issue.

The Little Horses of Old China

The Treasures from the Tang Tombs and how they came to London Town

A Great Escape for the Human Race

How Ten Thousand Years of Slavery Ended

Wonderful Siberia

What it is Like Today

The Great Lorenzo

Uncrowned King of Florence. The Man Who Discovered Michael Angelo

Nature's Night Staff

Her Mighty Armies always Moving on

As usual, My Magazine is lavishly illustrated in black and white, photogravure, and colours; and beside articles there are stories, poems, and puzzles.

Make Sure of Your Copy by Buying it Now

"We'll let them come up to just outside bowshot," agreed Oleson. "And then we'll fire off a couple of rounds over their heads."

By dint of shooting over their heads, and with careful marksmanship ploughing up the ground at their feet, the warriors were kept daunted and at a distance until Timothy came back.

"For the last time," cried Christopher, as the plane settled, "reconsider your decision to stay here, Ole. It is best for everyone that you should join the others first."

Oleson wrung his friend's hand. "I've made up my mind, Chris. Go on, and good luck to you all!"

Christopher saw that argument was useless.

"Very well, good friend," he said. Timothy had shut off his engine.

"I don't think there is much petrol left in her," he said. "Have you got that other tin ready?"

"No!" cried Christopher, leaping without delay into the vacant seat. "Don't stop for that. Let's be off immediately!"

Timothy looked at him incredulously. His brother's haste and agitation looked almost as if Christopher were leaving their friend to his fate. The boy refused to believe it.

"But I don't think I can make another journey on the fuel I have," he said. "It will only take a minute to fill up. Bring the other tin, Ole!"

Oleson, keeping a wary eye on the warriors, who had let out a frantic yell of fury as they saw the last but one of their "gods" escaping them, only motioned the others off.

"Go on quickly, Tim," said Christopher, who saw also that the natives were preparing to charge. "Ole wants to stay here. There's no time to be lost. Hurry!"

"Well!" Timothy looked at his elder brother in blank dismay, refusing to believe his ears. It looked as if he were abandoning his friend in a spell of funk.

As Timothy started his engine, and the great white plane soared into the air, the warriors, forgetting their fears, plunged yelling upon Ole. Timothy, hearing them behind him felt his heart contract with pity for his friend's fate, and with amazement at his brother's action. He sat moody and silent.

"Timothy," said Christopher quietly beside him. "I want to tell you something. There is no more petrol."

"But the extra tin!" gasped the boy.

"Punctured!" answered his brother laconically.

This news put Christopher's fight in an even worse light. Timothy sat a moment, silent and shocked. What terrible things people do when put to a test of life or death.

"Then Ole is doomed. Oh, Chris!" he said.

"No. He wouldn't come. He'd have turned the gun on himself if necessary to make me go first," said Christopher. "Show me the direction of the place in which you left the others, and put me down just beyond the village. Then go back for him. He is in terrible straits already, I'm afraid."

Timothy drew a long breath of relief that was almost a prayer of gratitude. His brother had not done that terrible thing. He was possessed with shame that the thought of it had even come into his mind. But he could not express his feelings.

"Right!" was all he said. As they had now come to a safe place, he turned the nose of his machine downwards and landed in the plain.

Christopher leaped out, and Timothy was off again with only a nod at the fervent "Good luck!" his brother cried out to him.

Timothy's mind was absorbed with anxiety for Ole. The machine, too, was running badly.

"She may not do more than reach the plateau," he thought. "If only she does that. Ole has a gun, and he'll sell his life dearly. If I can get there, there will be two of us."

As the plane neared Copper Mountain, Timothy peered anxiously down at the scene on the plateau. It looked desperate enough.

TO BE CONCLUDED

Who Was He?

A Lover of Trees

IN the year that the Mayflower sailed with the Pilgrim Fathers for New England, a boy was born in Surrey who wrote a diary in which he recorded from time to time the events going on in the world around him.

When he was five years old he went to live with his grandmother, and when he had an opportunity of going to Eton to school, he preferred to remain at home.

He went to Oxford University as a youth of 17, but his experiences there were unfortunate. He suffered much in health and left without a degree. Later on he received the honorary degree of Doctor of Civil Law, but he was then nearly fifty.

On coming to London at the age of twenty he took chambers in the Temple and began to study law. Then he went abroad and on returning to London once more studied serious subjects a little, as he tells us, "but dancing and fooling more." His father had died and the Civil War breaking out he joined the King's Army. But returning home, he obtained a licence from Charles the First to travel and spent some years abroad, suffering at Geneva from a very severe attack of smallpox.

After recovering he went to Paris, where he became friendly with Charles's ambassador, whose daughter he married when she was only twelve years old. He left his wife with her mother in Paris and returned to England. Charles's star had waned, and the traveller, having expressed himself too strongly as a Royalist, got into trouble with those in power.

Later on he settled down at Deptford. There, till the Restoration, he occupied himself with gardening and spent much time in friendly intercourse with men of scientific leanings. The Royal Society was his idea and he was one of the first Fellows.

He filled a number of small official appointments, and it is to his credit that when the Great Plague broke out he was one of the few who stayed at his post and did not fly off to the country in search of safety.

His life was a quiet one and he became a recognised authority on landscape gardening. He wrote a famous book on forest and fruit trees, of which he was a great lover, and among his other works is one far in advance of his time called "Fumifugium, or the Inconveniences of the Aer and Smoak of London dissipated, together with some remedies."

When Peter the Great came to London he hired the house



of the diarist and did much damage to the beautiful grounds by being trundled over the flower beds in a wheelbarrow. When the author died he was 86. Here is his portrait. Who was he?

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Autumn Comes with Red Leaves Trailing



DI! MERRYMAN

"HAVE the laundry people found those cuffs of mine that they lost last week?" asked Mr. Smith.
"No," replied Mrs. Smith.
"What a nuisance! The shirt is of no use without the cuffs."
"They must know that," said Mrs. Smith, "because this week they have lost the shirt."

Reading Backward

INVERT a sliding box in case or table
You'll find a recompense; it is no fable.

Invert a title common in Spain,
A mark of recognition you obtain.
A portion if 'tis backward read
Will prove to be a snare instead.

Solution next week

WHAT is it that all the people in the world are doing at this very moment?

Going round with the world.

Quite Free

A MEAN man, meeting his doctor in the street, saw the opportunity of a free consultation.

"Excuse me, sir," he said, "but can you tell me what I should take for indigestion?"

"Advice," snapped the doctor.

A Good Reason

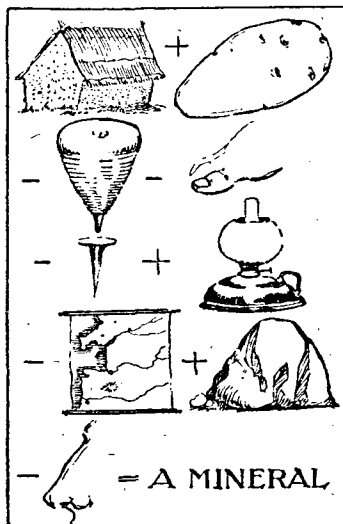
SNARLED a panther, "Although I'm a cat,
I decline, for repose, a wool mat,
And what's more, I have found
That such mats don't abound
In the jungle—so that settles that!"

Do You Live in Cornwall?

How Cornwall obtained its name is not definitely known.

The most likely suggestion is that the name means the "Place of the Walas (that is, strangers) of Kernyw." But here again there is uncertainty, for there are different opinions as to what Kernyw means. Some think it means the rocky hills, while others believe it is the equivalent of the Latin cornu, a horn, and is a reference to the shape of the county. That, however, is rather far-fetched, as it is unlikely that in the old days the shape of Cornwall was known.

Alphabet and Arithmetic



When the letters of the words represented by these pictures have been added or subtracted, the remaining letters will spell the name of a mineral. Can you find it?

Solution next week

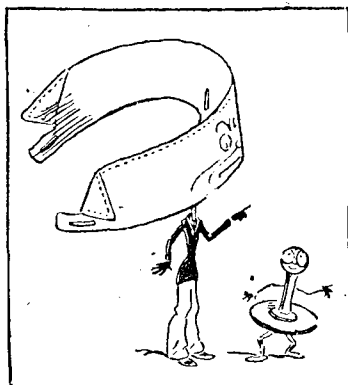
WHY is an old man's sheep farm that is run by his sons like the focus of a burning-glass?

Because it is the place where the sons raise meat (Sun's rays meet).

Quite Right Too

TEACHER: "Sammy, name four seasons."
Sammy: "Salt, mustard, vinegar, and pepper."

Come-Alive Characters



His Favourite Haunt

"So here you are, you little plague!"

The angry Collar cried.

"Whenever you are needed most
You just slip out and hide."

"I didn't go so very far,"

The roaming Shirt-Stud said.

"When next you have to hunt for me
First look beneath the bed!"

Hidden Mountains

If the letters here are arranged in the right order the names of seven famous mountains will appear: Wdiskad, ante, ayenk, aelhc, ixotpaco, traar, nguujarf.

Solution next week

The Two Travellers

TRISTAN BERNARD, a French humorist, began to smoke one day in a first-class railway carriage, and was asked by another passenger not to do so.

"I shall do what I like," said Bernard, and the passenger called the guard and complained.

The guard remonstrated with Bernard, reminding him that the carriage was a non-smoker.

"First of all ask this gentleman to show you his ticket," said Bernard.

The ticket proved to be a second-class one, and the passenger was turned out.

Later a neighbour asked Bernard how he knew that the man had a second-class ticket.

"It was in his waistcoat pocket, and I saw that it was the same colour as mine," answered Bernard.

Lost

A VENTURESOME schoolgirl of Gloucester
Was chased by a wild bull, which toucester;

She went up so high

Through the clouds in the sky
That her friends down in Gloucester have loucester.

WHAT is the best thing to make in a hurry? Haste.

The Military Note

AN army officer was showing some ladies round a camp when a bugle sounded.

"What's that for?" one asked.

"That's a tattoo," the officer explained.

"Oh, I understand," said the lady. "I've often seen it on soldiers' arms, but I didn't know that they had a special time for doing it."

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

An Alphabetical Puzzle

S X (Essex), L N (Ellen), P P (Peas), M T (Empty), X S (Excess), K N (Cayenne), C C (Seize), X L (Excel), C R (Seer), E E (Ease).

Beheaded Word Swarm, warm, arm

Jacko Makes Himself Heard

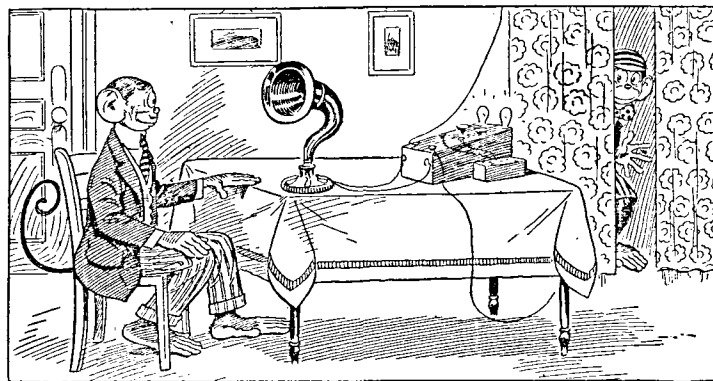
ADOLPHUS came home one day staggering under the weight of a big parcel and when he tore off the paper wrappings out came a fine wireless set.

"As good as they make 'em," said Adolphus triumphantly. Of course everybody wanted to listen-in at once, and Mrs. Jacko was in such a hurry to put on the headphones that they got mixed up with her spectacles, and it took quite a time to disentangle them. But at last she got settled and lay back in her armchair waiting to hear a nice tune, as she called it.

But, strange to say, she couldn't hear a single thing, and neither could Mr. Jacko.

Adolphus turned the knobs round and round in every direction, but there wasn't the slightest sound; and at last he got very red in the face and said, crossly, that there must be something wrong with the set. And sure enough there was, as Jacko pointed out, for he had forgotten to fix up an aerial!

But when the aerial was fixed up everybody was delighted with the results. Mr. Jacko set his watch by wireless, and



A voice suddenly said, "America calling"

Mrs. Jacko listened to the weather reports, and knew exactly when to take an umbrella out with her. And of course Jacko loved every single bit of it, though Adolphus would never let him touch the set.

"You're much too young," he said disdainfully.

As a matter of fact, Adolphus wasn't at all keen on ordinary listening-in, which he said was a kid's game. He was determined to get America, and he used to spend hours fiddling about with the wireless set. And, as he insisted on using the loud speaker when he was experimenting, all sorts of fearful noises came out of it.

But at last it really did seem as if Adolphus had got America. A voice suddenly said "America calling," and Adolphus flung himself down in a chair with a smile of satisfaction, and said: "There you are!"

But the extraordinary thing was that the gentleman in America seemed to know all about Adolphus! He asked for him by name, and said he had a message for him.

Of course Adolphus pricked up his ears at that, and then the voice said "Sold again" three times, very distinctly.

Adolphus couldn't make it out at all. But he understood all right when he found Jacko hiding behind the curtain, and knew it had been his voice speaking all the time!

The paragraph on the right is a French translation of the paragraph on the left

Sir Galahad at Ottawa

There is a fine statue near the Houses of Parliament at Ottawa called Sir Galahad; it has no other inscription.

This was raised to the memory of a heroic young man called Henry Albert Harper. He was skating, with a friend, when he observed a couple in front of him disappear into the river at a sudden break of the ice. He sent his companion to the shore for help and, lying down, stretched his walking-stick out to see if the lady in the water, or her friend, could catch hold of it. As neither of them could reach it, Harper rose and flung off his coat.

The onlookers implored him not to try to rescue them, as it meant certain death.

Young Harper said simply, "What else can I do?" and sprang in. Their dead bodies were discovered next morning.

Galaad à Ottawa

Près du Palais du Parlement, à Ottawa, se trouve une belle statue appelée Galaad; elle ne porte aucune autre inscription.

Cette statue fut élevée à la mémoire d'un jeune héros nommé Henry Albert Harper. Il patinait avec un ami lorsque, devant lui, il vit disparaître un couple dans la rivière, la glace ayant cédé tout à coup. Il envoya son ami chercher du secours sur la rive, et, couché à plat ventre, il tendit sa canne pour voir si la dame, dans l'eau ou son compagnon pourraient la saisir. Comme ni l'un ni l'autre ne purent l'atteindre, Harper se releva et retira son habit.

Les spectateurs le supplièrent de ne pas tenter de sauver le couple, car il était certain de périr.

Le jeune Harper répondit simplement: "Que puis-je faire d'autre?" et il s'élança dans le trou. Les trois cadavres furent retrouvés le lendemain.

Tales Before Bedtime

The Bazaar

THE village Brownies were going to give a stall to the Bazaar which was to help the Babies' Home, and they had to promise that all the things should be bought and made by themselves.

"I shall empty my money-box and buy sugar and things to make peppermint creams," said Daisy. "Everyone buys sweets."

Peggy said she was going to buy a doll and dress it like a baby in long clothes; and Hilda was going to make pin-cushions and bags out of pieces of bright silk; in fact, all the Brownies knew exactly what they meant to do except Joyce, and she had no silk and no money, and felt quite sure her mother was too poor to give her any for the Bazaar.

It was very trying when all the girls kept on asking, "What are you going to make, Joyce?"

Joyce got quite unhappy worrying about it and wondering what she could do.

She told old Mrs. Duck, their next-door neighbour, about it one evening when she saw her watering her sweet-peas.

"Why, you could fill a whole stall with something that town-folk like better than peppermint creams," said old Mrs. Duck. "That is, if I give you the snippings from my new muslin curtains."

"Oh, Mrs. Duck, what can I make?" asked Joyce.

"Lavender-bags—look at that great bush over there," said Mrs. Duck.

It really was a splendid idea, and Joyce cut out the snippings from Mrs. Duck's curtains into little bags, filled them with lavender, and sewed them up with beautiful little stitches.

They smelt much nicer than Daisy's peppermint creams,



Joyce sewed up the bags

and they sold better too, for Mrs. Duck was right; town-folk love sweet lavender.

There wasn't a bag left when the Bazaar was over; and when the Brownies heard what a lot of pennies their stall had made for the Babies' Home they danced with all round the lavender-bush!

The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

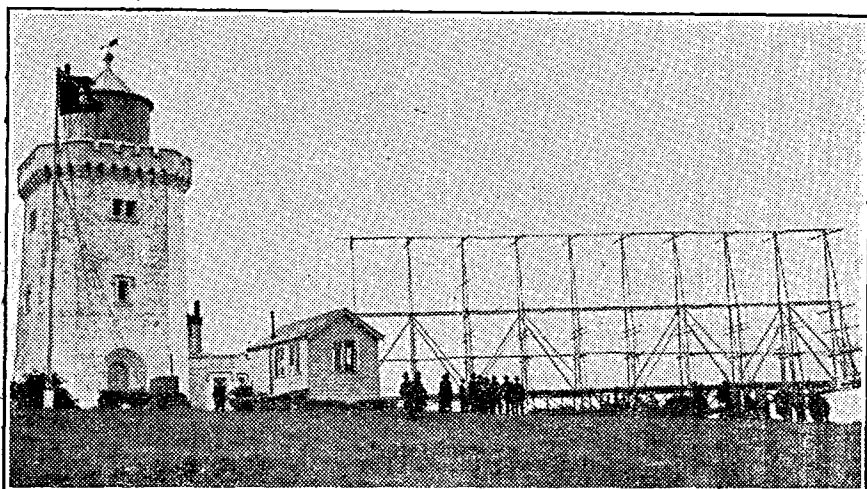
CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

September 26, 1925

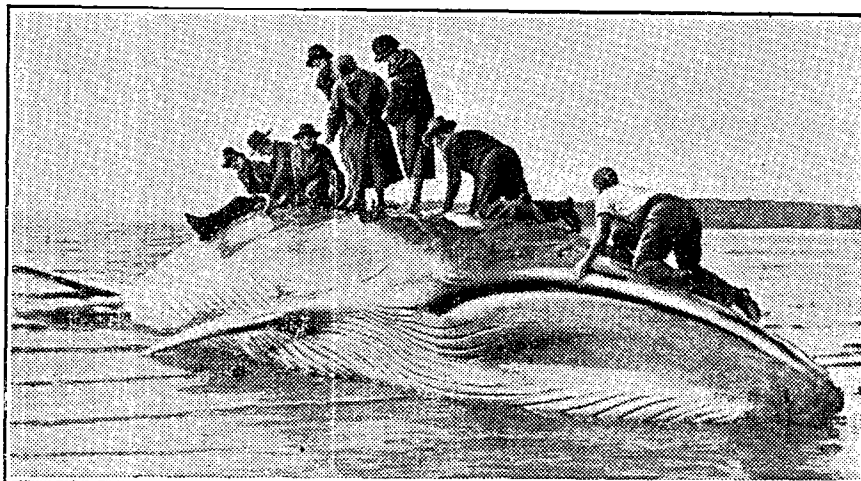
Every Thursday 2d.

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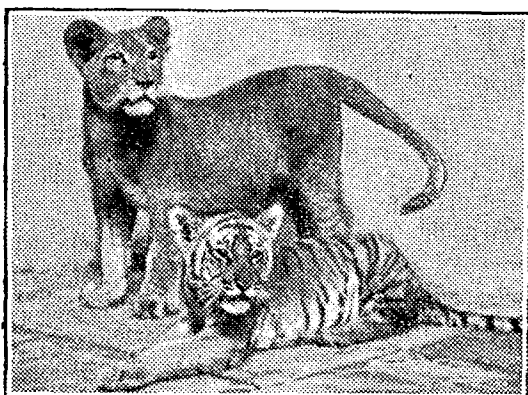
WIRELESS LIGHTHOUSE · JOHN DANIEL SLEEPS · HOTHOUSE ON A LINER



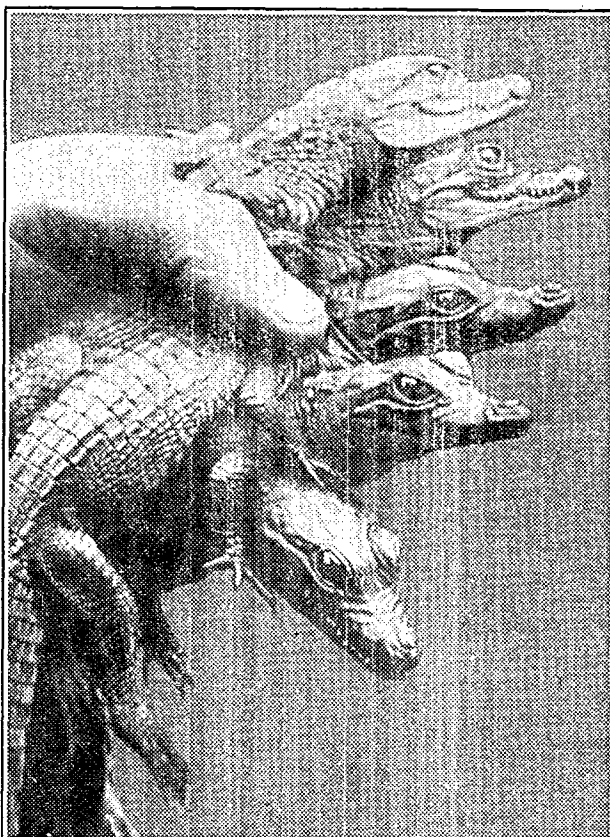
New Idea for the Lighthouse—Here is the South Foreland lighthouse equipped with Marconi's latest invention for the safety of ships. A revolving wireless aerial sends out the warning signals and also enables ships to discover their positions in foggy weather.



A Walk on the Back of a Whale—This whale, measuring about 40 feet in length, was washed up at the mouth of the Tamaki River, Auckland, in the North Island of New Zealand, where the people found it very interesting to examine, as we can see in this picture.



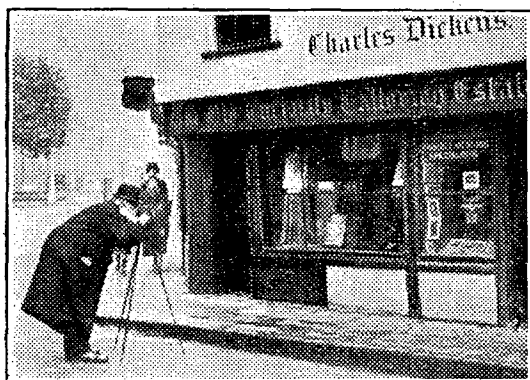
Playmates at the Zoo—A lion cub and a young tiger were lately housed together at the Zoo to keep each other company, and they have now become quite firm friends.



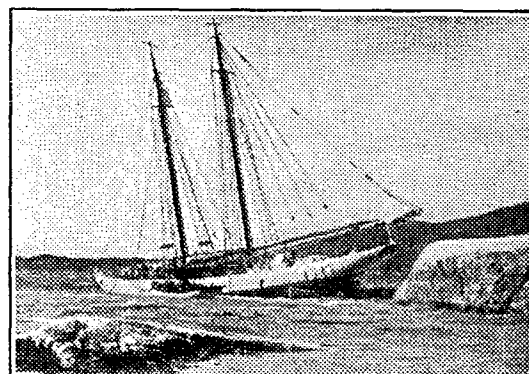
A Handful of Trouble—Here is a family of little crocodiles, which are quite tiny when young and can be handled without danger. This very striking photograph was taken at the London Zoo.



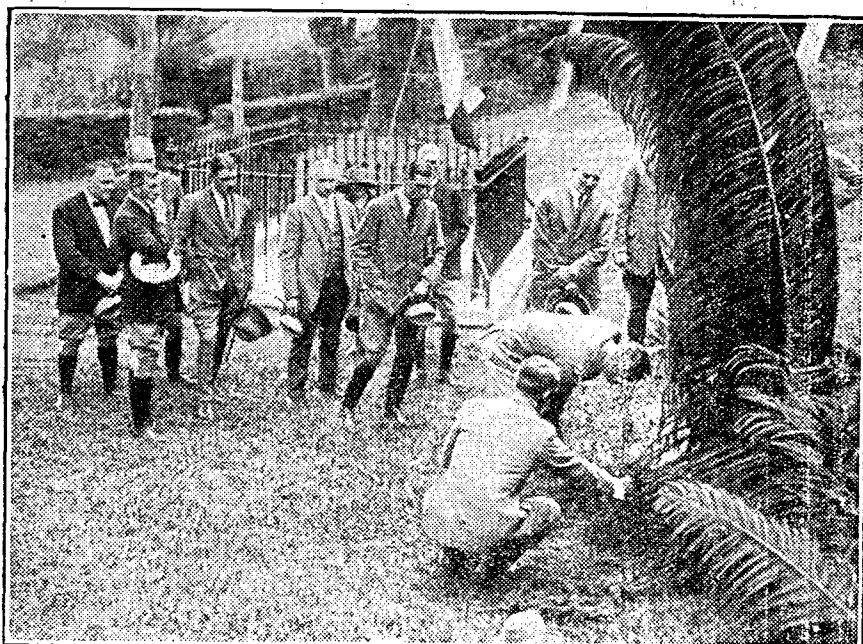
John Daniel has a Nap—John Daniel, the young gorilla now at the Zoo, sometimes tires himself out at play and at such times he curls himself up and goes to sleep.



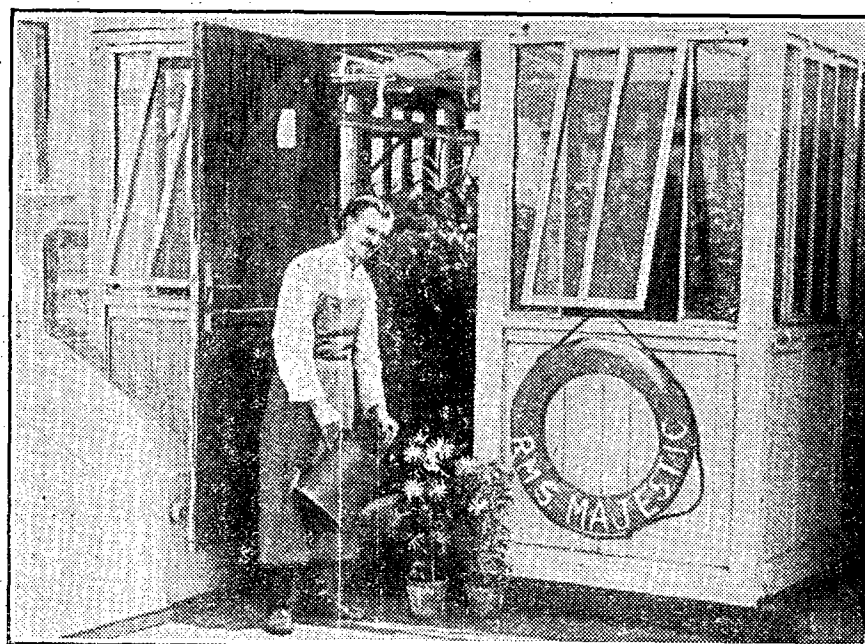
Dickens's Old Friend—Dickens's former office boy, now an aged man of 79, the other day filmed the quaint old-world building known as the Old Curiosity Shop.



In an Arctic Anchorage—This is the Bowdoin, Captain Macmillan's Arctic exploration ship, having a new propeller fitted at Hopedale, on the coast of Labrador.



The Prince at Napoleon's Tomb—Here we see the Prince of Wales planting an olive tree beside Napoleon's tomb at St. Helena. It will grow near a willow sent by Marshal Foch.



The Ship's Gardener Goes His Round—The huge Majestic, the biggest liner in the world, has a hothouse on board, and here the ship's gardener is on his round with the watering-can.

THE MAN WHO DISCOVERED MICHAEL ANGELO—SEE MY MAGAZINE FOR OCTOBER

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